

R.B.
L. angl.
o f
1 -

The Tragedy of Hoffman

or,

A Reuenge for a Father.

von

Henry Chettle.

Nach dem Quarto von 1631 im British Museum

herausgegeben

von

Richard Ackermann.

Bamberg,

Kommissionsverlag von H. Uhlenhuth.

Kgl. b. Hofbuchhändler.

1894.

R. B. Langl.
1^{te}

The Tragedy of Hoffman

or

A Revenge for a Father

by

Henry Chellie

First Edition, 1901. Price 10s. 6d.



Richard A. ...

Printed by

... ..

...

1901

Inhalt.

	Seite
Einleitung	V
I. Der Autor	V
II. Das Drama	XII
1. Bibliographie	XII
Der Quarto von 1631	XIV
Die Ausgabe Lennards von 1852	XVI
Die vorliegende Ausgabe	XVII
2. Quellenfrage	XVII
3. Inhalt und Verhältniß zu Hamlet	XIX
The Tragedy of Hoffman	1
Anmerkungen	77

Inhalt

E i n l e i t u n g.

I. Der Autor.

Da die Quellen über Henry Chettle's Leben, gerade so wie bei seinem grossen Zeitgenossen Shakespeare, höchst spärlich fliessen, müssen wir bestimmte Zeugnisse durch seine Schriften oder in denselben, sowie aus Angaben anderer, streng auseinander halten von blossen Annahmen und Konjekturen. Diejenigen, die bis jetzt darüber eingehender gehandelt haben, sind:

1841: Rimbault (R.), in Introduction to Kind-Harts Dreame, Percy Society, vol. V.

1845: Collier (C.), in seiner Ausgabe von Henslowe's Diary für die Shakesp. Soc.

1852: Lennard (L.), in Introduction zu seiner Ausgabe Hoffman's.

1874: Hazlitt (H.), in seiner Neuausgabe von Dodsley's Collection of Old English Plays, vol. VIII, 211 ff.

1874: Delius (D.), in: Chettle's Hoffman und Shakespeare's Hamlet. Jahrb. d. deutsch. Shakesp.-Gesellsch. IX, 166 ff.

Von ihnen bietet H. am wenigsten, indem er fast nur die Angaben Henslowe's als zuverlässig annimmt; D. fusst meist auf der Darstellung L.'s, mit Hinzufügung einzelner selbstständiger Notizen; von grosser Wichtigkeit sind natürlich die Aufzeichnungen in Henslowe's Diary. Wir geben zunächst eine kritische Übersicht der bezüglich gleichzeitigen Nachweise über die Person des Autors in chronologischer Ordnung:

1577, 8. Okt.: Henry Chettle, Sohn des Robert Chettle, eines Färbers aus London, wird auf acht Jahre, beginnend von Michaeli, dem Thomas East, Bürger und stationer von London, in die Lehre gegeben (L., p. VI). Diese Angabe C.'s ist genommen aus einem Eintrag in dem Register der Stationers' Company, und darnach wird die Geburt Chettle's auf 1563—1564 fixirt. H. erwähnt dieses Datum nicht; es ist ihm von Zeit und Ort der Geburt und des Todes, sowie von der Erziehung Chettle's nichts bekannt.

1591: Er wird Teilhaber an der Buchdruckerfirma William

Hoskins und John Danter. R. (Introduction p. VIII), zitiert als Quelle Ames' *Typographical Antiquities*, by Herbert, II, 1113. Von H. ebenfalls nicht erwähnt.

1592a: Er gibt Robert Greene's *Groats-Worth of wit* heraus (R. Intr. XIII; note: 'It was entered in the Stat. Reg. for W. Wrighte, 20. Sept. 1592'. — Chalmers' *Supplemental Apology*, p. 272); dies geht hervor aus seinem eigenen Zugeständnis in 'Address to the Gentlemen Readers' des nachfolgenden Pamphlets.

1592b: Er veröffentlicht sein Pamphlet: 'Kind-Harts Dreame. By H. C. Imprinted at London for W. Wright. Q. Bl. Lett. (R., Intr.; Stephen, Nat. Biogr.: 'Stat. Reg. Dec. 1592, probabl. publ. early 1593'). Die Publikation ist ohne Jahreszahl; aber in der obenerwähnten 'Address', die Henrie Chettle unterzeichnet ist, spricht er von dem vor 3 Monaten erfolgten Tode R. Greene's (Sept. 1592). Dieselbe gibt auch die Gründe an, die ihn veranlassen, seinen Namen unter sie zu setzen; von Wichtigkeit ist die Stelle: 'How I haue, all the time of my conuersing in printing, hindred the bitter inueying against schollers' . . .

1592c: Er veröffentlicht a Letter (with the signature T. N. to his good friend A. M.) prefixed to Munday's translation of 'Gerileon of England, The Second Part, 1592'. (Warton, note; R., notes p. 69). Seine Autorschaft geht hervor aus folgender Stelle aus obiger 'Address': 'Neither was he (i. e. Maister Nash) the writer of an Epistle to the second part of Gerileon, though, by the workemans error, T. N. were set to the end: that I confesse to be mine, and repent it not'.

1595a: Er veröffentlicht seine 'romance' (so von Warton genannt): 'Piers Plainnes seauen yeres Prentiship', by H. C. Printed at London by J. Danter for Thomas Gosson. 1595. Q. Bl. Lett. (Warton, note; R. Intr. XI; Stephen: 'the supposed unique copy in the Bodleian'); edirt von der Percy Soc.

1595b: Tod seiner Tochter Mary: 'Here lyeth the Body | of Mary Chettle, | The Daughter of Henry Chettle; who | dy'd the 2d of | September 1595, Aetatis suae 12. etc.' Die von Rev. J. Hunter nachgewiesene Inschrift, früher in der Kirche St. John, New Windsor, ist zu finden in Ashmole's *Antiquities of Berkshire*, 1719, III. 75. (R. in seiner Ausgabe von Dekker's *Knights Coniuring* für die Percy Soc., Notes p. 100; D. p. 172. Anm.)

1596: Thomas Nash druckt in seinem 'Have with you to

Saffron-Walden“ einen Brief Chettle's ab, unterzeichnet 'your old compositor' (R., Intr. VIII).

1598 a: Zum ersten Male (16. Febr.) von Henslowe als dramatischer Dichter, Verfasser des Polyphemus, erwähnt. Malone's Liste aus Hensl. beginnt seine Autorschaft schon 1597 (R. Intr. VIII); in Collier's Ausgabe des Diary ist keine Notiz mehr davon zu finden; H. legt nach Hensl. die als erste angeführte Beziehung zur Bühne in den April 1599, und verweist auch auf Collier's *Memoirs of the Actors in Shakesp. plays* p. 111.

1598 b: Febr. Erwähnung seiner Schuldhafte im Marshalsea-Gefängnis (Hensl. D. p. 141).

1598 c: Oct. Eigenhändig geschriebener und unterzeichneter Schuldschein Chettle's; im Text: 'I, Henry Chettle, of London, Stationer' etc. (Hensl. D. p. 150). C.'s note hiezu unter dem Text: 'One work with Chettle's name at the bottom of the title-page is known: it bears date in 1591, and he was then in partnership with W. Hoskins and J. Danter'. Nach allen diesen Zeugnissen dürfte wohl, entgegen H., Chettle's Eigenschaft als printer nicht mehr doubtful sein.

1598 d: Mai. Erwähnung einer Schuldhafte. (Hensl. D. 151).

1598 e: F. Meres in *Palladis Tamia* erwähnt ihn als 'one of the best for comedy'; er ist der zuletzt angeführte unter 17 Dichtern.

1602: März. Verpflichtung nur für die Truppe des Earl of Nottingham zu schreiben (H. D. p. 219). Hensl. p. 214 befindet sich ein undatirter Eintrag von Chettle's Hand, in dem er sein Stück *Jane Shore* als für 'the Earle of Worcesters players at the Rose' geschrieben bezeichnet.

1602: December. Schreibt einen Prolog und Epilog für den Hof (Hensl. D. p. 229).

1603: Veröffentlicht sein 'Great-Britains Mourning Garment' auf den Tod der Königin Elisabeth, worin er von seiner Jugend vor 30 Jahren ('young almost thirty years ago') spricht, und davon, dass er Zeuge der Vorgänge am Hofe um diese Zeit gewesen sei. (R. Intr. IX; J. Meissner in dem Artikel über diese Schrift, *Jahrb. d. deutsch. Shakesp.-Ges.* IX, p. 133).

Stephen bemerkt über sie: 'Containing a copy of verses in which Ch. alludes to the chief contemporary poets under fictitious names'. Abgedruckt in *The Harleian Miscellany*, vol. III, 524—546; sie erschien zuerst anonym; Chettle's Autorschaft geht

aus einer Unterschrift unter 'note to the Reader' nach dem Funerall, und aus einer Druckfehlerberichtigung mitten im Buch hervor.

1607: In dieses Jahr oder kurz vorher fällt sein Tod. Dekker's *Knights Coniuring* (1607) erwähnt ihn unter einer Gruppe von dramatischen Dichtern im Elysium, wo er zuletzt ankommt (R. Intr. X). Vergl. R.'s Ausgabe des Pamphlets p. 77: 'He (i. e. Nash) had no sooner spoken this, but in comes Chettle sweating and blowing, by reason of his fatnes; to welcome whom, because hee was of olde acquaintance, all rose vp, and fell presentlie on their knees, to drinck a health to all the louers of Hellicon'. Hier haben wir zugleich eine Notiz über seine äussere Persönlichkeit.

Nach den gegebenen Daten ist es unschwer, den Verlauf seines Lebensgangs mit ziemlicher Wahrscheinlichkeit zu verfolgen. Nach Ablauf seiner Lehrzeit, 1585, scheint er in seinem Berufe als Buchdrucker weiter thätig gewesen zu sein, wie sein Eintritt in die oben erwähnte Firma 1591 beweist. Ob er nun diesen Beruf aufgab oder gleichzeitig darin thätig blieb, wie man aus seiner Bezeichnung als stationer 1598 schliessen kann, bleibe dahingestellt; jedenfalls hatte er schon um 1591 angefangen, als playwright aufzutreten, wie die 'Address' vor seinem *Kind-Harts Dream* beweist, in der er von seinem Freunde Greene und seinen Beziehungen zu den Dramatikern seiner Zeit spricht ('in the same an apology undoubtedly intended for Shakespeare', Stephen), wie ferner obige Stelle in Dekker's *Knights-Coniuring* bezeugt; endlich musste er schon eine Reihe von Jahren als Dramatiker thätig sein, um obige Erwähnung von Meres zu verdienen. Der Hauptbeweis aber ist die grosse Reihe von Dramen, die in der Zeit von 1597(98)—1603 als von ihm allein oder mit anderen verfasst oder redigirt und umgearbeitet, in Henslowe's Einträgen angeführt werden, und die er kaum in dieser kurzen Zeit geliefert haben kann. Die Zahl derselben wird verschieden angeführt: R. gibt nach Malone's Liste aus Henslowe 40 an, von denen 4 auf uns gekommen sind, mit dem Bemerken, dass diese Liste noch vermehrt werden könnte; C., *Hist. of Dr. P.*, III, 230, bemerkt, dass Chettle von 1597—1603 an 38 Stücken thätig gewesen sei. L. erwähnt 47, von denen 16 von ihm allein verfasst seien (die Zahl der letzteren beschränkt Stephen auf 13). Nach H. beträgt Malone's Liste nur 30, während derselbe jedoch derer im ganzen 42

verschiedentlich erwähne; die Biogr. Dram. gibt die Titel von 25. Ich versuche eine neue Zusammenstellung nach C.'s Henslowe zu geben.

I. Stücke, die nach Hensl. von Chettle allein verfasst wurden:

1. A Womans Tragedy.	1598
2. Tis no Deceit to deceive the deceiver.	1598
3. Troyes Revenge, with the tragedy of Polyphemus	1598
4. Sir Placidus.	1598
5. The Orphans Tragedy.	1599
6. Damon and Pythias.	„
7. The Wooing of Death.	1600?
8. All is not gold that glitters.	1601
9. The Book of Cardinal Wolseys Life.	1601
10. Tobias.	1602
11. A Danish Tragedy.	1602
12. Hoffman.	1602
13. Robin Goodfellow.	1602
14. Jane Shore.	undatirt ¹⁾
15. The London. Florentine. 2nd Part.	1602 ²⁾

Von diesen ist im Druck erhalten nur Hoffman. 1631. Q. Herausg. von L. 1852.

II. Stücke, die von Chettle gemeinsam mit anderen bearbeitet wurden:

1. The Death of Robert, Earl of Huntington: Chettle, Munday.	1598
2. The Valiant Welchman: Ch., Drayton.	„
3. The Famous Wars of Henry I and the Prince of Wales: Drayton, Dekker, Ch.	„
4. Godwin and his three Sons: 1st and 2nd part: Drayton, Dekker, Ch., Wilson.	„
5. Brut: Ch., Day. ³⁾	„
6. Pierce of Exton: Wilson, Dekker, Drayton, Ch.	„

1) L. weist es Chettle und Day zu und datirt 1603.

2) Stephen führt hier The Orphans Tragedy und Jane Shore nicht an.

3) Die 4 Einträge Hensl. weisen das Stück nur Ch. zu, einmal mit der Bezeichnung 'his play'; wegen eines vorhergehenden Eintrags, betr. ein gleichzeitiges Stück Day's: 'The Conquest of Brute, with the first Finding of the Bath' weist C. diesem die Mitautorschaft zu.

7. Black Batman of the North: Wilson, Drayton, Dekker, Ch. 1598
2nd Part: Wilson, Dekker, Ch. „
8. The Funeral of Cordelion: Ch., Wilson, Munday, Drayton. „
9. Hot Anger soon cold; Porter, Ch., Jonson. „
10. Catelines Conspiracy: Wilson, Ch. „
11. The Despencers: Porter, Ch. „
12. The pleasant Comodie of Patient Grissill: Chettle,
Haughton, Dekker 1599
13. Troilus and Cressida: Dekker, Ch. ¹⁾ 1599
14. The Stepmothers Tragedy: Dekker, Ch. „
15. Robert II King of Scots Tragedy: Dekker, Jonson, Ch. „
16. The Arcadian Virgin: Ch., Haughton. „
17. The Seven Wise Masters: Ch., Dekker, Haughton, Day. „
18. The Golden Ass, Cupid and Psyche: Dekker, Ch., Day. 1600
19. The Blind Beggar of Bethnall Green, 1st Part: Ch.,
Dekker²⁾. „
20. King Sebastian of Portugal: Dekker, Ch. 1601
21. The Rising of Cardinal Wolsey: Ch., Munday, Drayton,
Wentworth Smith „
22. The Northern Man, or, Too good to be true: Ch., Hath-
waye, W. Smith „
23. The Proud Woman: Dekker, Haughton, Ch. „
24. Love parts friendship: Ch., W. Smith 1602
25. Femelanco: Robinson, Ch. „
26. The London Florentine. 1st part: Heywood, Ch. „
27. Like quits like: Heywood, Ch. „
28. Lady Jane Grey: Dekker, Ch., Heywood, W. Smith,
Webster. „
29. Christmas comes but once a year: Heywood, Webster,
Ch., Dekker. „

Von ihnen wurden gedruckt Patient Grissill 1603 in Q., durch die Shakesp.-Soc. 1841, neu herausgegeben von G. Hübsch, 1893, Erlanger Beitr. XV; ferner The Death of Robert Earl of Hun-

1) Mit grosser Wahrscheinlichkeit ist anzunehmen, dass das gleichzeitige Stück Agamemnon von denselben Autoren das nemliche wie Troilus and Cress. ist. Vergl. Henslowe p. 153, wo C. bei Agamemnon bemerkt: 'This title is interlined over the words "Troylles and creseda"'.
2) 2nd part von Haughton und Dekker, 3rd von Day (1601).

tington 1601 und bei Dodsley 1828; The Blind Beggar 1659; The Valiant Welchman 1615¹⁾).

Aus den Aufzeichnungen Henslowes können wir demnach entnehmen, dass Chettle ein gewandter Dramatiker und vielseitiger Regisseur war, als der er von jenem verwendet wurde. Im übrigen scheint er, wie viele seiner zeitgenössischen Mitstrebenden, ein unregelmässiges und zügelloses Leben geführt zu haben, wie Hensl. Einträge beweisen, der sein ständiger Gläubiger bleibt (6 Schuldschreibungen sind im Diary angeführt), und ihn verschiedentlich aus dem Schuldgefängnis löst. Nach obiger Grabchrift seiner Tochter muss er sich auch gleich Shakespeare sehr früh, im Alter von 19 Jahren, verheiratet haben. Der letzte Eintrag im Diary erwähnt ihn im Mai (C. März) 1603; dann bricht dasselbe plötzlich ab. In der Vorrede zum Mourning Garment findet sich die bekannte auf Shakespeare bezügliche Ehrenerklärung, im 2. Teil die bekannte Aufforderung an den „silberzüngigen Melicert“ (Shakesp.).

Seitdem wir das Datum seines Eintritts in die Lehre und damit annähernd seine Geburtszeit kennen, fällt auch die strittige Angabe Ritson's Bibl. Poet. 159 über seine frühere Autorschaft in sich zusammen. Derselbe schrieb ihm folgende Schriften zu:

1. The Pope's pittiful Lamentation for the Death of Don Joan of Austria. Translated after the French print. copy, by H. C. 1578.

2. A Dolefull Ditty, or Sorrowfull Sonet, of the Lord Darly etc. Licens. March 1579. H. C.

3. The Forest of Fancy, wherein is conteined very prety apothegmes, and pleasaunt histories, etc. by H. C. 1579.

Die zweite Schrift schreibt man wahrscheinlicher Henry Constable zu, die dritte wird von Warton vielleicht Chettle, wahrscheinlicher Henry Constable zugewiesen, während Malone sie Henry Cheeke zuteilt; nach einer brieflichen Äusserung Emil Köppels in München ist Stil in Prosa und Vers verschieden von dem Chettle's. Übrigens hat schon Warton auf die Unsicherheit jener Initialen hingewiesen, die ausser Chettle ebenso gut H. Constable, H. Cheke, H. Champion, H. Cave bezeichnen können, und die näher zu bestimmen eine nicht uninteressante, aber schwierige

1) Malone hält den Druck für ein Drama von R. Armin, cf. Hensl. p. 120.

Arbeit sein dürfte. Ausser der allzugrossen Jugend Chettle's (14 bis 15 Jahre) ist schon der äusserliche Umstand beweisend gegen die Behauptung Ritson's, dass Webbe's Discourse 1586 und Puttenham's Art of English Poesie 1589 ihn nicht erwähnen.

II. Das Drama.

1. Bibliographie.

Zum ersten Mal erwähnt wird das Stück bei Henslowe p. 229 durch folgenden Eintrag:

'Lent unto Thomas Downton, the 29 of desembr 1602, to geve unto Harey Chettle, in pte of paymente for a tragedie called Hawghman, the some of . . . V s.' L. fügt betreffs der Autorschaft hinzu: 'In the Shakespeare Society's Papers, Mr. C. notices, in "Kemp's Nine Days Wonder", a tract edit. by the Rev. A. Dyce for the Camden Society, an allusion to Chettle as the author of "Hoffman", under the title of the "Prince of the Burning Crown". Dass das Drama, wenn nicht zur Zeit des Eintrags Henslowe's, nicht lange vor 1602 entstanden sein kann, geht aus folgenden Bemerkungen C.'s (Hist. of Dr. P. III, 231. note) hervor: 'Hoffman could not be older than 1598, for in the beginning of act II Prince Jerome mentions "The Mirror of Knighthood", which, having been translated from the Spanish by Margaret Tyler, was printed in that year.' Dem Herausgeber des Q. von 1631 war der Verfasser nicht bekannt, und auch Lamb in seinen Specimens etc. nennt den author unknown.

Nach seiner Aufführung 1602 scheint das Trauerspiel eine Zeit lang in Vergessenheit geraten zu sein; denn mit Bezug auf die Bemerkung des Titelblattes 'As it hath bin diuers times acted at the Phenix' notirt D. (p. 170), dass das Phönix-Theater erst geraume Zeit nach Jakobs Tronbesteigung zum Schauspielhaus umgewandelt worden sei, ferner C., dass diese Ausführungen 'on some revival' kurz vor dem Druck des Q. stattgefunden haben müssen.

Dieser Q. im British Museum zu London, zugleich das einzige selbstständige Stück Chettle's, das im Druck auf uns gekommen ist (Catalogue of Books in the Brit. Mus. to the Year 1640. I. 372) mit der Press mark 644. b. 11. enthält 76 Seiten; die Blätter sind zu je 4 mit einem Buchstaben fortlaufend gezählt, z. B. G₃ = p. 45; der Herausgeber Hugh Perry widmet

es seinem Freund, Master Richard Kilvert, und erwähnt in der Widmung, dass ihm die Tragödie zufällig in die Hände kam und er sie dem Druck übergab. Im Jahre 1852 erschien eine modernisirte Ausgabe in 8°, now first edited by H. B. L. London, Thomas Hailes Lacy, Wellington Street, Strand. Die Angabe über dieselbe in Stephen, Diction. of Nat. Biogr. p. 208: 'A reprint, ed. by H. B(arrett) L(eonard) appeared in 1851' ist ungenau. Das Buch scheint auch in England ziemlich selten zu sein, denn meine Nachfragen bei Londoner Antiquaren waren vergeblich, und selbst der Nachfolger des Verlegers Lacy, der dramatic bookseller Mr. French, Strand, wusste mir über diese Publikation des früheren Verlegers keine Auskunft zu geben. Noch für D. (1874) ist der Herausgeber anonym. Eine glückliche Gelegenheit, auf die ich durch die Freundlichkeit Hermann Varnhagen's in Erlangen aufmerksam gemacht wurde, liess mich das Buch aus Karl Elze's Nachlass erwerben, und zwar ist das Exemplar, nach einem Eintrag Elze's 'the Presentation Copy from the Editor to John Payne Collier, Esq., by whom the pencil notes on the back of the title and in the margin throughout the book were written'. Demzufolge trägt das Titelblatt in Tinte die Widmung an C.: 'With thanks for kind assistance, from W. Henry Barrett Lennard'. Die Beihilfe C.'s besteht nach einer Notiz der Introduction p. VI besonders in Forschungen über den Verfasser des Dramas. Ausserdem erfreute sich L. zur Wiederherstellung des Textes des Beistandes von A. Dyce.

Lamb, Specimens of Engl. dram. poetry. 1835. vl. II druckt eine Scene des Dramas, Akt II, 520—595 als von einem 'unknown author' ab, und bringt auch einige Veränderungen und Konjekturen an. Mit Recht bemerkt L. (p. 26, note), ob derselbe nicht Stellen von höherem dichterischen Werte hätte auswählen können als diese Scene. C. (Hist. of Dr. P.) führt aus dem Stück an Akt I, 1—8; Akt III, 783—801; Akt IV, 1626—1658; auch er gibt Konjekturen und Verbesserungen. D. gibt nur Akt I, 1—15 und folgt dem Texte L.'s. Als Kuriosum weist dieser (p. 92 note) darauf hin, dass bei Richardson, A new Diction. of the Engl. Lang. Lon. Pickering 1844, die Stelle V, 2369 aus dem so seltenen Drama zitirt ist. Auch ich fand eine Stelle (draw-latch) aus v. 1315 in Webster's Dictionary mit dem Vermerk: Old Play 1631.

Der Quarto von 1631.

Dieser Druck gibt im Vergleich zu anderen Dramen dieser Periode das Stück in ziemlich verderbtem Zustande wieder, was um so mehr zu beklagen, da er der einzige ist. Stephen spricht (Dict. of Nat. Biogr.) von 'this mutilated, ill-starred play', und Collier (III, 233) äussert sich darüber in doppelter Beziehung: 'As to the language of the piece, it has been handed down to us in a state of deplorable mutilation, and the printer has murdered the author with as little remorse as the author murdered his character. It is impossible to say how much of the piece, in 1631, was composed of the interpolations of subsequent writers or performers.' L. endlich lässt sich an verschiedenen Stellen (p. III ff., in der Notiz zu „Addenda,“ und besonders in den Bemerkungen zum Schluss p. 95) in ausführlicher Weise darüber aus, indem er die vielen Verstümmelungen und Mängel des Textes, deren Wiederherstellung vielfach schwierig und manchmal unmöglich sei, der Unwissenheit und Nachlässigkeit des Druckers zuschreibt, dem wahrscheinlich nicht das ms., sondern eine nachlässige oder verderbte Abschrift vorlag, andererseits jedoch bemerkt, dass die „offenbare Hast und Nachlässigkeit“ mit der Chettle das Drama schrieb, es schwer machen zwischen den Irrtümern des Autors und des Druckers zu unterscheiden. Was nun die Versehen des Autors anbetrifft, so hat ihm L. nur zwei nachgewiesen, die dem Gang der Handlung angehören: v. 709 spricht Lorrick von Lucibella als mit Prinz Mathias plaudernd, während er doch wissen muss, dass sie mit Lodovick entflohen ist, und nach v. 841 ff. ist derselbe bei der Mordscene gegenwärtig, ohne dass sein Abgehen erwähnt wird, sodass er am Ende der Scene wieder erscheint, ohne von den Vorgängen etwas zu wissen; entgangen ist L. der Irrtum v. 1831, wo der Admiral Hoffman durch den Herzog von Prussia anstatt von Luneberg verurteilt wird. Ob dem Drucker das ms. oder eine Abschrift vorlag, wird wohl nicht zu entscheiden sein. Eine aus unbekannten Gründen erfolgte Namensänderung ist auffällig, die sowohl im Orginal wie in der Abschrift, vom Autor oder einem späteren Bearbeiter ausgeführt worden sein kann: von v. 1126—2109 steht Charles im Texte für Prinz Otho, während vor der Zeile Sarlois als Personenbezeichnung angegeben ist, ein Umstand, der ebensowohl die Unwissenheit des Druckers beweist, dessen Auge v. 1085 den Namen Sarloys gesehen hatte, als zugleich auf die

Verderbtheit oder Unleserlichkeit der Handschrift schliessen lässt. Dass Charles (oder Clois?) die ursprüngliche Bezeichnung war, geht aus der Unregelmässigkeit der Verse hervor, in denen Otho dafür eingesetzt ist: cf. vv. 501. 625. 651. 726. 864. 875. 980. 983. 1016. 1224. 1524. 1543. 1564. 1676. 2109. Man ist versucht zu glauben, dass auch die Namen Rodorick und Lodowick nicht die ursprünglichen waren, da dieselben im Versinneren immer zweisilbig zu lesen sind, vergl. z. B. 625, aber 627. Dieser Umstand wäre der einzige, der als etwaige Aenderung späterer Schreiber oder Schauspieler auffällt, und wir stimmen D. (p. 171) contra C. bei, dass von deren Interpolationen nichts zu spüren ist.

Was nun die Mängel des Textes anbelangt, so sind sie allerdings vielfach dem Drucker zuzuschreiben, wie v. 44 Weglassung der Personenbezeichnung, Abkürzung von Lorrique durch Lo., von v. 75 an Lor., v. 125 der sinnlose Fehler choyce für Clois u. a. m., in erster Linie aber dem Zustande des ms., wie es jenem vorlag. Mit Recht bemerkt L., dass bei einer 30 Jahre lang vernachlässigten Handschrift gewöhnlich der Verlust der ersten und letzten Blätter zu beklagen sei, dass in diesem Fall speziell das letzte Blatt entweder verstümmelt war oder verloren ging, da es auch die Initialen des Verfassers hätte tragen müssen. Ich stimme ihm hierin teilweise bei (cf. Anmerkung zu v. 1—10 und zu v. 2425—26 und besonders v. 2435 ff.) wozu L. anführt, dass der Drucker nur solche Wörter und Sätze gewählt zu haben scheint, die leserlich oder unverletzt wären, und nehme an, dass auch ein oder das andere der vorausgehenden Blätter beschädigt war, wie die sich da häufenden Mängel andeuten; ob allerdings viel von den letzten Versen der Tragödie verloren ging, darüber dürften die Meinungen auseinander gehen: ich wäre gegen die von L. in der Anmerkung zum Schlusse p. 96 ausgesprochene Vermutung: 'It appears very improbable that; to say nothing of leaving it doubtful whether Hoffman died unrepentant of having carried his projects of revenge to such a fearful and unnatural extent.' Auch D's. Urteil, dass in L.'s Ausgabe von den Verstümmelungen keine mehr sichtbar geblieben sei als die letzte, ist nicht ganz zutreffend.

Von den Stellen, deren Mängel im Druck besonders dem Zustand des ms. zuzuschreiben ist, sind hervorzuheben:

Verse in Prosa gedruckt oder falsche Versabteilung:

71—74. 108—110. 258—259. 491—92. 523. 536. 618 ff. 935—946. 1185 ff. 1319 ff. 1444 ff. 1849 ff. 1902 ff. 1946 ff.

Lücken im Vers und unvollständige Verse:

11. 189. Vers ausgefallen nach 112. (?) 733. 734. 1038. 1584. 1707. 1818. 2019. 2189.

Verderbte Stellen:

1—10. 117—119. 292. 1147. 1563 ff. 1618. 1939. 2274. 2315—2326. 2425—26. 2435 ff.

Bei dieser Unsicherheit des Textes habe ich darauf verzichtet eine Uebersicht über die Metrik des Stückes zu geben, wie sie Hübsch für Patient Grissill (p. XXVI—XXXIII) lieferte, und wie sie unser Stück wohl mit ähnlichen Ergebnissen gewähren würde. Ausser einzelnen Hinweisen in den Anmerkungen notire ich noch:

Zusammenziehung des Wortes: 918. Zerdehnung: 1599. 1795. 1828. 1855. 1888. 1953. 2165. Wortbetonung: 139. 183. 188. 201.

Lennard's Ausgabe von 1852.

Derselbe folgte in seiner Ausgabe Herausgebern wie Gifford, Dyce etc., indem er die Orthographie des Textes modernisirte, ein Personenverzeichnis anfügte, das der Q. nicht enthält, die Bühnenweisungen weiter ausführte und vielfach neue hinzufügte, und die Akte in Scenen einteilte. Ueber seine Behandlung des Textes äussert er selbst: 'In my attempt to restore the text, where I have deviated from the original copy, such alterations are indicated in a note; and such additional words as are necessary to complete sense or metre, are placed between brackets.' In einer Einleitung (III—XIII) verbreitet er sich über den Q. und dessen Verfasser, gibt eine kurze Vermutung über die Quelle, und eine Liste der von Chettle bearbeiteten Stücke. Unter dem Text gibt er auch sprachliche und sachliche Anmerkungen. So verdienstlich die Ausgabe seiner Zeit gewesen sein mag, und soviel er auch durch Conjekturen und 'suggestions' für die Wiederherstellung des Textes geleistet hat, so kann man für die Gegenwart in D.'s Lob nur teilweise einstimmen, „dass er das Stück zum erstenmal wirklich edirt, nicht blos publicirt, und mit Hilfe plausibler Verbesserungen einen besseren Text hergestellt hat,“ da sie nicht nach philologischen Prinzipien hergestellt ist. L. beachtet bei seiner Modernisirung die Formenlehre der historischen Grammatik nicht (z. B. plur. praes. auf s, v. 130, these news 246, these means 667 u. a. m.), er zitirt den Q. nicht immer richtig (z. B. p. 31. u. v. 1115), oder er erwähnt die Lesart des Q. und seine

Aenderung gar nicht (z. B. v. 1218 und 1703). Die einzelnen Stellen, sowie sonstige Versehen (z. B. zu v. 1224) sind in den Anmerkungen der vorliegenden Ausgabe notirt.

Die vorliegende Ausgabe.

Sie beruht auf einer sorgfältigen von mir selbst gefertigten Abschrift des alten Druckes im British Museum. Was letzteren anbelangt, so sind offenbare Druckfehler beseitigt, unrichtige Vers-trennungen verbessert und Conjekturen in den Text nur in geringem Masse eingesetzt worden; die Interpunktion des Q. wurde vollständig aufrecht erhalten: die Lesarten des Q. und eventuelle Veränderungen sind sämtlich unter dem Text gegeben; der Neu-druck stimmt mit dem Q. in Seitenzahl überein (siehe p. XII). Der Grundsatz, nach dem verfahren wurde, war also möglichst konservativ zu sein, und nur bei zwingenden Gründen von dem Text abzugehen; in zweifelhaften Fällen wurde die alte Lesart beibehalten. In Bezug auf L.'s Ausgabe wurden dessen Moderni-sirungen natürlich nicht angegeben, ebensowenig dessen Personen-verzeichnis, und von seinen zahlreichen Bühnenweisungen nur wenige in den Anmerkungen erwähnt, die zum Verständnis be-sonders nötig schienen. Im übrigen wurden seine Lesarten sowie die der auf Seite XIII angeführten einzeln veröffentlichten Stellen gegeben, wozu noch die Rand-Konjekturen C.'s in seinem Hand-exemplar kommen; die D.'s nur da, wo er von seiner Vorlage L. abweicht. Auf diese Weise mag der Leser in zweifelhaften Fällen nach seinem eigenen Urteil entscheiden.

2. Quellenfrage.

Bezüglich der Quelle des Stückes waren meine Bemühungen fast ebenso vergeblich wie diejenigen L.'s; allen Anschein nach kann nur ein glücklicher Zufall auf die Spur derselben führen. Die Hypothese L.'s darüber ist eine zweifache:

a) from some tale, or collection of historical chronicles, real or fictitious; ferner wegen der genauen Bezeichnung von Orten und Lokalitäten:

b) from a translation of some local history, true or ficti-tious. D. stimmt seinen Vermutungen zu, hält die Erzählung aber für fictitious. Der zweite Umstand, die Verlegung der Scenerie in die Gegend von Danzig, veranlasste mich, bei dem dortigen Archiv wegen eventueller Anhaltspunkte in Chroniken an-

zufragen: das Resultat war negativ, aber in einem Punkte überraschend. Nach einem Auszug aus Eberhard Bödchers, Memorial oder Gedenkbuch (XVI s.) wird „Anno 1580 den 4 January zu Dantzic ein Bürger enthauptett mit Namen Hans Hofeman oder Schuddekop, umb eines Gewalts und Raubes willen,“ der während des Krieges der Dantziker mit Polen 1577 aus dem Gefängnis gebrochen, aber später wieder gefangen und „zum Thodt des Schwertes verurtheylett worden war.“ Er war aber ein „Kahne-furer“, und seine Geschichte steht mit der des Stückes in keiner Beziehung. Wenn wir nun den Weg der Hypothese wieder betreten, so ist es wahrscheinlich, dass Chettle diese Schiffergeschichte durch ein Flugblatt, eine Bänkelsängerballade erfahren hat, oder auch erzählt bekommen hat, und Namen und Scenerie für sein Stück verwendete. Oder wäre es nicht auch möglich, dass er nach Beendigung seiner Lehrzeit mit einer englischen Wandertruppe (1586?) nach Dänemark und an die Ostsee kam?

Der eine auffallende Personennamen, Lorrick, führt wieder in eine andere Gegend. Nach der freundlichen Mitteilung des Dom G. Morin in der Abtei Maredsous (Belgien) ist der Name (entweder volkstümlich aus luijerik = fainéant, paresseux, oder vom Stamm loor-, leur- = vaurien, coquin, oder vom Verb lorren = tromper, duper) bei der niederen Bevölkerung in Amsterdam, Gent und Brüssel als Schimpfwort gebräuchlich und unzweifelhaft flämischen Ursprungs; der Familienname Loriquet findet sich häufig im Nordosten Frankreichs. Ich erinnere noch an Charles Lever's bekannten Roman „The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer“, dessen Autor die erste Idee zu seinen Erzählungen in Brüssel fasste.

Der Tod durch eine glühende Krone scheint, wie L. findet, keine ganz ungewöhnliche Hinrichtungsform für Verräter und Rebellen gewesen zu sein. Anknüpfend an eine Bemerkung in Bohn's Ausgabe von Goldsmith zu der Stelle

„Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel“, welche zwei Brüder, Lukas und Georg Zeck, anführt, die in Ungarn einen Aufstand leiteten und auf die genannte Weise gerichtet wurden, erwähnt er einen Grafen Baldwin in Menzel's deutscher Geschichte, der unter ähnlichen Umständen starb. Einen Bericht über die beiden Brüder fand ich in „Thresor d'Histoires Admirables et Memorables de notre temps etc. Mises au lumiere par Simon Goulart Senlisien, 1600“, (eine Sammlung, auf die ich durch E. Köppel verwiesen wurde), wo es (I, 126) über den

Ungarischen Bauernaufstand von 1514 heisst: „Car il fit estendre nud le general de ces paysans nommé George, auquel le bourreau mit sur la teste vne couronne de fer ardant: puis il lui ouurit quelques veines, & fit boire le sang qui en decouloit à Lucatius frere de George“. (Joach. Curaeus en ses Annales de Silesie, p. 233.) Der Thresor bringt einen ähnlichen Fall (I, 234) aus einem Aufstand der Communen in Guyenne 1548: „Il attrapa finalement les deux Colonels des Communes, nommez Talemaigne & Galaffre, lesquels furent rouez apres auoir esté couronnez d'une couronne de fer toute ardante, pour supplice de la souueraineté qu'ils auoyent vsurpée“. Histoires & Annales de France sous Henry 2).

Diese wenigen Einzelheiten sind die einzigen Spuren, die zur Quelle leiten könnten. Vergeblich waren auch die Nachforschungen wegen der beiden lateinischen Disticha v. 1613—1616, zu denen L. in einer Note bemerkt: 'It has been suggested by a competent authority, that they bear the character of mediaeval Latinity'. Von den Autoritäten, bei denen ich anfragte, hält M. Barthélemy Hauréau, de l'Institut de France, die Verse eher für das Werk eines Dichters der Renaissance als des Mittelalters, während Dom G. Morin in Maredsous sie einem Autor des XI./XII. Jahrhunderts zuweist und, mit Bezug auf die Dichtungen Hilberts de Lavardin († 1139) hinzufügt: „J'en ai trouvé plusieurs qui pour le fonds comme pour la forme se rapprochaient beaucoup de ces quatre vers“. Auch hier wird wahrscheinlich nur ein glücklicher Zufall Aufklärung bringen.

3. Inhalt und Verhältnis zu Hamlet.

In seiner Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry III, p. 231 ff. äussert sich C. sehr abfällig über Inhalt und Komposition des Hoffman; er nennt das Stück 'a revolting mass of blood and murder, in which it seems to have been the author's object to concentrate all the horrors he could multiply'. — 'The whole plot is confusedly and most violently conducted' 'Hoffman's expedients are improbable and clumsy; 'If the design of Chettle was to excite terror and pity, he has defeated his own end by his extravagance'; und über seine Sprache im Anschluss an das p. XIV gegebene Zitat: 'The glimpses here and there of something good are often disfigured by rant and absurdity'. Von diesem seinen Urteil scheint C. später zurückgekommen zu sein, denn in einer

Note zu seiner Ausgabe von Henslowe's Diary äussert er: 'it has many merits'. Stephen a. a. O. rühmt: 'Intense tragic power is shown in some of the scenes'. Wenn wir geneigt sind, dem ersten der angeführten Urteile C.'s zuzustimmen, und auch dem, dass der Zweck der Tragödie terror und pity zu erregen, hier bis zum Übermasse ausgenützt wird, so sind wir in Bezug auf plot und die Durchführung der Idee, besonders was den Helden anbelangt, anderer Meinung. Die ihm von Stephen beigelegte Eigenschaft verdient das Stück in hohem Grade, und auch in Bezug auf dramatische Geschicklichkeit ist Chettle ein praktischer Regisseur. Der Schmerz Hoffman's über den Tod seines Vaters äussert sich in furchtbarer Wirkung durch den martervollen Tod des jungen Otho, und dieses leitende Motiv wird in immer grässlicherer Weise gesteigert durch die mit raffinirter Schlaueit fortgesetzten Morde des Helden. Durch die Liebe zur Herzogin, von der Hoffman ergriffen wird, tritt die Katastrophe ein, die ihn vernichtet; aber er geht dem Tod trotzig und ungebeugt entgegen, im Gefühl der gekühlten Rachelust, und nur voll Bedauern, seine Rachepläne nicht vollständig zu Ende geführt zu haben. Die komische Nebenhandlung, deren Hauptperson der fool Jerom, ist in geschickter Weise mit der Haupthandlung verbunden, einzelne Partien, wie die Tötung Otho's, das Geständnis Lorricks, sind von ergreifender Wirksamkeit, in noch höherem Grade das Erwachen der Neigung zur Herzogin in dem Mörder; eine liebliche Idylle Prinz Lodowick und Lucibella auf der Flucht; eine rührende Gestalt die wahnsinnige Prinzessin, wenn sie auch nicht der Gestalt einer Ophelia gleichgestellt werden kann. Für die Handlung selbst aber ist sie gegenüber dieser von grösserer Bedeutung, da sie es ist, die zur Entlarvung Hoffmans führt. Einzelheiten gibt es allerdings vielfach zu bemängeln, so wenn D. es „theatralische Konvenienz und Effekthascherei“ nennt, dass die Herzogin in ihrem Kummer auf der Treppe schläft. Wenn aber D. beanstandet, dass nicht motivirt ist, wie Hoffman's Vater dazu gekommen Pirat zu werden, und ferner, warum der Admiral zu Tode gemartert wurde, so hat er die Verse 154 und 207 übersehen. Die Mängel und Masslosigkeiten des Stückes sind übrigens erklärlich, wenn wir bedenken, dass wir es mit einem Bühnen-Effektstück zu thun haben, oder, wie D. es nennt, mit dem „Resultat einer Bühnenspekulation“, mit einem Konkurrenzstück zu Shakespeare's Hamlet.

Wir lassen hier zunächst C. das Wort, der in einer Randbemerkung seines Handexemplars von L.'s Ausgabe Folgendes bemerkt:

This play deserves special note as the very counterpart of „Hamlet“ and produced as nearly as possible at the same time (1602).

In both the scene is laid in the north of Europe.

In both revenge is sought for the death of a father ¹⁾).

In one all is delay, hesitation and postponement.

In the other all resolution, activity and slaughter.

They were brought out by rival Companies.

Of course comparison is out of the question, but it is certain that „Hoffman“ has come down to us in a very imperfect state. As it was intended to be a drama of action, the poetry would be secondary.

It is to be observed that Chettle was also concerned in a play called by Henslowe „the Danish Tragedy“. — Was this on the story of Hamlet? Dann verweist er bezüglich der besonders hervorstechenden Ähnlichkeit, des Wahnsinns Lucibella's nach dem Vorbild Ophelia's, auf L.'s Note zum Eingang des V. Aktes, in welchem die Nachahmung unverkennbar ist; nur dürfte die Behauptung L.'s daselbst kaum bestehen, dass es schwierig zu entscheiden sei, welches von beiden das Original war.

D. hat die Vergleichung eingehender geführt. Zunächst sei bemerkt, dass er auch Parallelen zu anderen Dramen Shakespeare's nachweist: so z. B. Otho's letzte Worte (I. Akt) in Beziehung zu King John V, 7, der Quacksalber (v. 1261 ff.) die genaueste Kopie des Doctor Cajus in the Merry Wives of W., die Vergiftungsscene (v. 1430 ff.) verglichen mit King John V, 6. Von Charakteren in ihrer Nachbildung aus Hamlet hebt er besonders hervor den Rupel Jerome als Gegenstück zum närrischen Hamlet, Lucibella in V. Akt nennt er geradezu sklavisch nach Ophelia kopirt. Bezüglich der Vergiftungsscene deutet er wieder auf den Schluss des Hamlet hin, die Schilderung der Prodigien (v. 395 ff.) vergleicht er mit denen Hamlet I, 1 und III, 4; dass er die Stelle, wo Hoffman Lorrick schwören lässt, zum Vergleich mit der Auf-

1) Auch Ward (vol. I, 232 note) deutet daraufhin: 'Some degree of resemblance to Hamlet suggests itself both in the general motive of Hoffman and in the madness of the heroine'.

forderung Hamlets an Horatio und Marcellus zu schwören heranzieht, scheint mir fast zu weit gegangen; wie er bei der Vergleichung der Gefechtsbühnenweisung zu v. 957, die von L. herührt, sich geirrt hat, habe ich in den Anmerkungen angegeben.

Von einzelnen Zügen füge ich noch hinzu das Aufstand-Motiv, an dessen Spitze in dem einen Stück Laertes, in dem anderen Jerome; in dem einen ist der König zu einer Matrone, der Gattin seines Bruders, in Liebe entbrannt, die ihn zum Brudermord führt; in dem anderen entsteht in Hoffman dieses Gefühl gegenüber der Gemahlin seines Todfeindes, deren Sohn er gemordet hat. In der Lucibella-Episode glaube ich auf folgende frappierende Einzelheiten hinweisen zu müssen: Haml. IV, 5, 74: 'Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you' zu Hoff. v. 1407—1408; IV, 5, 170—171: You must sing a-dow a-down, | An you call him a-down-a. zu Hoff. v. 1840, und ebenda v. 1340—1341 verglichen mit der Schilderung von Ophelia's Tod IV, 7, 169 ff. Auf die Erwähnung von Wittenberg v. 260 hat schon D. aufmerksam gemacht; selbst der Name Lorricks kann mit Beziehung auf Yorick (Haml. V, 1) gewählt sein. Von klassischen Anspielungen ist zu vergleichen Aeneas und Dido (Haml. II, 2 und Hoff. v. 2360 ff.), ferner 'Like Niobe, all tears' (Haml. I, 2) mit Hoff. v. 2232. Von einzelnen Ähnlichkeiten in der Diktion seien als einige der hervorstechendsten erwähnt:

Hamlet	I, 2, 65	und Hoff.	1076 (kin and kind).
	I, 4, 70	„ „	1719 (cliff. und scar).
	I, 5, 77	„ „	1893 (unhousel'd).
	II, 2, 47	„ „	1562 (trail of policy).
	„ „ 157—158	„ „	8—9 (where truth is hid).
	„ „ 240	„ „	843 (strumpet).
	II, 2, 285	„ „	2329 (What is Hecuba).
	III, 2, 142	„ „	411 (hobby-horse).
	„ 3, 93	„ „	1308 (kick at heaven).
	IV, 1, 40	„ „	1874 (untimely).
	„ 5, 123	„ „	1145 (divinity of a king).
	III, 3, 51—52	„ „	2425—26 (form of prayer).

In Bezug auf den Ausdruck charitable prayers (Haml. V, 1, 253 vergl. Hoff. 541 und 1374).

Diese Vergleichen liessen sich noch vielfach vermehren. Aus allem scheint mit Evidenz hervorzugehen, dass das Drama als Gegenstück zu Shakespeare's Hamlet von Chettle für das

Rose Theatre in Southwark geschrieben wurde, wahrscheinlich auf Antrieb Henslowe's, des manager's, und dass er die Effekte mit Hinsicht auf die Wirksamkeit bei der grossen Masse möglichst zu steigern suchte. Ob ihm auch ein älterer Hamlet ebenso wie Shakespeare als Vorlage diene, lässt sich nicht entscheiden. Ebensowenig lässt sich aufhellen, ob Chettle's verlorenes Stück *The Danish Tragedy* (1602), wie C. (Introduction zu Hensl Diary) vermutet, eine Bearbeitung des älteren Hamlet war, und er so den Stoff, wie es bei Shakespeare wahrscheinlich ist, mehrere Male bearbeitete, oder ob nicht am Ende unter *The Danish Tragedy* und Hoffman das gleiche Stück zu verstehen ist.

An dieser Stelle fühle ich mich verpflichtet, denjenigen meinen besten Dank auszusprechen, die mir bei dieser Arbeit mit freundlicher Auskunft zur Seite standen, besonders Herrn Prof. H. Varnhagen in Erlangen durch den Hinweis auf das Stück und bibliographische Angaben; durch Mitteilungen über einzelne Punkte Herrn Prof. E. Köppel in München, Herrn Dom G. Morin in der Abtei Maredsous (Belgien), Herrn Henri Omont an der Bibliothèque Nationale zu Paris und Herrn Stadtarchivar Dr. P. Gehrke zu Danzig.

The
T r a g e d y
of Hoffman
or
A Reuenge for a Father,

As it hath bin diuers times acted
with great applause, at the Phenix
in Druery-lane.

London,

Printed by J. N. for Hugh Perry, and are to bee
sold at his shop, at the signe of the Harrow
in Brittaines-burse. 1631.

THE

TRAGEDY

OF HOTTEN

OF

A REVENGE FOR A FATHER

As it hath bin divers times acted
with great applause, at the Theatre
in Swan-Lane.

London,

Printed by J. N. for Hugh Perry, and are to be
sold at his shop at the signe of the Hammer
in Smithfield Lane. 1671.

Printed by

To his much
Honored Friend, Master
Richard Kiluert.

Sir

I know you, and in that your worth, which I
honour more, then greatnesse in a Patron:
this Tragedy hapning into my hands, I haue now
aduentured it vnto the Presse, and wanting both
5 a Parent to owne it, and a Patron to protect it, am
fayne to Act the Fathers part, and haue aduentu-
red to addresse it vnto your Worthy selfe; vnder
whose wings it flyes for a new birth: it hath passed
the Stage already with good applause, and I doubt
10 not, but from you it shall receiue a kinde welcome,
who haue alwaies bin a true Fauourer of Artes
and Learning; and from your selfe I haue receiued
so many noble curtesies, that I shall alwayes rest

Yours to command

Hvgh Perry.

To his much

Honored Friend, Master

Richard Kilmart

Sir

I know you, and in that your words, which I
honor more, than any other in a nation.
This I have been saying into my hand, I have now
addressed to you the press, and waiting for
a sign to come to, and a letter to be sent to, and
then to the father's part, and then to the
red to address it to you, and then to the
where which it goes for a new book, it is both good
the stage already with good opinion, and I doubt
to not, but from you it shall receive a more welcome
who have always in a true manner of it, and
and I am sure, and from you, and I am sure
as many words as needed, that I shall always feel

Yours to command

John G. Jones

11 Jan 9

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Enter Hoffman.

Hoffman. Hence Clouds of melancholy
Ile be no longer subject to your fittes,
But thou, deare soule, whose nerues and artires
In dead resoundings summon vp reuenge,
5 And thou shalt ha't, be but appeas'd sweete hearse
The dead remembrance of my liuing father
And with a hart as iron, swift as thought
I'le execute justly in such a cause
Where truth leadeth, what coward would not fight
10 Ill acts moue some, but myne's a cause of right
See the powers of heauen in apparitions
And frightfull aspects as insensed
That I thus tardy am to doe an act
Which justice and a fathers death exites;
15 Like threatening methors antedates destruction.
Againe I come, I come, I come,
Bee silent thou effigies of faire virtue
That like a goodly syen wear't pluckt vp
By murderous winds, infectious blasts and gusts

strikes ope
a curtaine
where ap-
peares a
body.

thunder and
lightning.

thunder.

B

I will

2 sismes Q. fumes L. films (?) C. 5 hate Q. have't. L. ha'it. C.
6 a living D. 7 aire Q., of iron L., air C. 8 excuse Q. execute
it justly L. justly execute C. 11 see fehlt L. 12 aspects seeming L.
15 indicate L.

20 I will not leaue thee, vntill like thy selfe,
 I'ue made thy enemies, then hand in hand
 Wee'le walke to paradise — againe more blest
 Ile to yon promonts top, and their suruey,
 What shipwrackt passengers the Baltique sea
 25 Casts from her fomy entrailes by mischance.
 Roare sea and winds, and with celestiall fires,
 Quicken high projects, with your highest desires.

Enter Lorrique.

Lo. Yet this is somewhat like, but brambles, you are to bu-
 sie, were I at Luningberge, and you catcht me thus, I should
 30 goe neere to aske you at whose suit, but now I am out of sent,
 And feare no seriants. for I thinke these woods and waters are
 common wealthes that need no such subjects nay they keepe
 not a Constable at sea, but a mans ouerwhelmd without
 order. — Well, dry land I loue thee, though thou swarme
 35 with millions of deuourers, Yet hast thou no such swallow as
 the sea.

Hoff. Thou lyest, there liues vpon the earth more beasts
 With wide deuouring throates, then can bee found
 Of rauinous fishes in the Ocean:

40 The huge Leuiathan is but a shrimpe
 Compar'd with our Balena on the land

Lo. I am of your mind; but the Whale has a wide mouth
 To swallow fleeting waters, and poor fish,

Hoff. But we haue Epicures and Cormorants,
 45 Whom neyther sea, nor land can hardly serue
 They feed them fat, while armes and honour starue;
 Desart lookes pale as death, like those bare bones.

Lo. Ha — amazd.

Hoff. Seest thou them trembling, slaue? heere were Armes
 That seru'd the troath lesse state of Luningberge.

50 Lo. So doe I sir serue the dukes sonne of the state,

Hoff. Ha, ha, I laugh to see how dastard feare
 Hastens the death doomd wretch to his distresse;

Say

22 again more blasts? L. 24 Belgique Q. 27 to thy high de-
 sires L. 32 wealhes Q. 44 Hoff. fehlt Q. 48 amazd: Bühnen-
 weisung. 50 of that state L.

Say didst thou serue the duke of Luningberge.

Lo. His sonne Otho sir, I'me a poore follower of his

55 And my master is ayring of himselfe at your Cell,

Hoff. Is he that scapt the wracke young Luningberg?

Lo. I sir, the same sir, you are in the right sir.

Hoff. Reuenge I kisse thee, vengeance, y'are at liberty,

Wouldst thou hauing lost a father as I haue,

60 Whose very name dissolues my eyes to teares

Could duty and thy loue so different proue,

Not to auenge his death whose better part

Was thine, thou his, when he fell part of thee

Fell with him each drop being part thine owne

65 And wouldst not be reueng'd,

Lo. Yes on the murtherer,

Hoff. On him, or anie man that is affied

Has but one ounce of blood, of which hees part

He was my father, and my hart still bleeds

Nor can my wounds be stopt, till an incision,

70 I'ue made to bury my dead father in:

Therefore without protraction, [sighing], or excuses

Sweare to be true, to ayd [assist] me, not to stirre

Or contradict me in any enterprise

I shall now vndertake, or heare after.

75 Lo. I sweare.

Hoff. Were I perswaded that thou couldst shed teares,

As doth the Egyptian serpents neere the Nile;

If thou wouldst kisse and kill, imbrace and stabbe,

Then thou shouldst liue, for my uindictiue braine

80 Hath cast a glorious project of reuenge

Euen as thou kneel'st, wilt thou turne villaine speake.

Lo. Oh sir, when was I otherwise, from my creation nothing

else, I was made of no other stuffe, villany is my onely patri-

mony: though I bee an irreligious slaue, yet I beare a religious

85 name, though I want courage, yet, in talke, I'le put them all

downe, though I haue nothing in me that is good:

Yet i'le —

B₂

Hoff.

67 allied L. 69 and fehlt Q. 79 inuictiue Q. inventive L.

- Hoff. Forbeare thy Lord is comming ile go in
 And royally prouide for such a Prince,
 90 Say thou hast met the kindest host aliue,
 One that adores him, with no lesse zeale
 Then rich men gold, or true religious heauen
 Dissemble cunningly, and thou shalt prooue
 The minion of my thoughts, friend to my loue. Exit.
- 95 Lo. Well sir ne're feare me. this is an excellent fellow
 A true villaine fitter for me then better company,
 This is Hannece Hoffmans sonne.
 that stole downe his fathers Anatomy from the gallowes at
 Leningberge, I'tis the same vpon the dead scull ther's the iron
 100 Crowne that burnt his braines out, what will come of this, I
 neyther know nor care: but here comes my lord.
- Enter Otho.*
- How chers my most noble, my most honorable,
 My most gracious; yea my most griued prince.
- Otho. A fearefull storme
- 105 Lo. And full of horror.
- Otho. Trust me Lorrique besides the inlie griefe
 That swallowes my content when I perceiue
 How greedily the feirce vnpitying sea, [and waues,]
 Deuou'rd our friends another trouble greeues
- 110 My vexed eyes with ghastly apperitions, [strange aspects]
 Which eyther I doe certainly behold
 Or else my soule deuining some sad fate
 Fills my imaginary powers with shapes
 Hidious and horrid.
- 115 Lo. Mylord let your hart haue no commerce with that
 Mart of idle imaginations, rouse vp your noblenesse
 To apprehend comfort, kindnesse ease and what otherwise
 Entertain'd so sollitary a place as this, can the
 Antient subject of the state of Leningberg collect
 Tis I take it the sonne to that Viz-admirall that
- 120 Turn'd a terrible pirate.
- Otho. Let vs turne backe into the sea againe Yealding

Yealding our bodies to the ruthles sound
That hath diuided vs and our late friends
125 Rather then see Clois Hoffman.

Lo. Corrage braue Otho, hee'l vse thee kindly.

Enter Hoffman.

Heere he comes, sweete host heere is the dukes heire of
Leningberge doe homage and after entertaine him and me his
Follower with the most conspicuous pleasures
130 that lies in thy poore hability.

Hoff. Before I speake to my most sacred Lord
I ioyne my soft lipps to the sollid earth
And with an honord bennison I blesse

The hower, the place, the time of your arriue
135 For now my sauadge life. lead amongst beasts
Shal be turn'd ciuell by your gracious helpe

Otho. I see thy true hearts loue drope downe in teares
And this imbrace shewes I am free from feares
My disturb'd blood runnes smoothly through my veines
140 And I am bold to call thee friend, [bold] to intreate
Food for by wrack I haue lost ship, friends and meat.

Hoff. You that attend my Lord enter the caue
Bring forth the homely Cakes these hands prepar'd
While I intreat his excellence sit downe

145 Villaine bring nothing but a burning Crowne.

Exit.

Otho. What's that thou bidst him bring, a burning Crowne

Hoff. Still you suspect my harmelesse innocence
What though your father with the power state
And your iust vncle, duke of Prusia

150 After my father had in thirty fights
Fill'd all their treasuries with fomens spoyles
And payd poore souldiors from his treasury
What though for these his merriits he was nam'd
A proscrip outlaw for a little debt

155 Compeld to flie into the Baltique sound
And liue a pirate.

Otho. Prithec speake no more Thou

125 choyce Q. 129 conspicious Q. 140 bold Wiederholung.
143 cates L. 143 theis Q. 148 his pow'rful state L. 149 Brusia Q.
151 treasures Q. storehouses L. 153 this Q. 154 prescript Q. u. L.
proscribed C. 155 Belgique Q.

Thou raysest new doubts in my troubled heart
By repetition of thy fathers wrongs

Hoff. Then hee was wrong'd you graunt but not by you,

160 You vertuous gentleman

Sate like a iust Judge of the vnder-shades,
And with an vnchang'd Rhadamantine looke,
Beheld the flesh mangled with many scars
Par'd from the bones of my offended father

165 And when hee was a bare anatomy,

You saw him chain'd vnto the common gallowes,

Otho. Hoffman.

Hoff. Nay heare me patiently, kind Lord

My innocent youth as guilty of his sinne,
Was in a dungeon hidden from the sunne,

170 And there I was condemn'd to endlesse night
Except I past my vow neuer to steale

My fathers fleshles bones from that base tree
I know not who it was, I guesse your mother,
She kneeld and wept for me, (but you did not)

175 Beseeching from that vow I might be freed

Then did I sweare if Natures souraigne power
Compel'd me to take downe those naked bones
I neuer would release them from those chaines
Neuer intombe them, but immediately

180 Remoue them from that gallowes to a tree

I kept mine oath: looke Luningberg; tis done
Behold a father hang'd vp by his sonne

Otho. Oh horrible aspect murtherer stand off

I know thou meanst mee wronge

185 Hoff. My Lord behold these pretious twines of light

Burnt out by day eclipsd when as the sunne
For shame obscur'd himselfe this deed was done
Where none but schrich owles sung, thou receptacle
. thou organ of the soule;

190 Rest, goe to rest, and you most louely Couplets

You leggs and armes reside for euer heere

This

176 Nations forraigne power Q. 178 these chains L. 188 When
none L. screech L. 190 to fehlt Q. 191 You fehlt Q [Ye] L.

This is my last farewell, what doe you weepe?

Otho. Oh Lorrique I am betrayd, slaue touch me not.

Hoff. Not touch thee? yes, and thus trip downe thy pride.

195 You plac't my father in a Chaire of state:

This earth shall bee your throne. Villaine come forth.

Enter Lorrique.

And as thou mean'st to saue thy forfeit life,

Fixe on thy Masters head my burning Crowne,

While in these Cords, I in eternall bands

200 Binde fast his base and coward trembling hands.

Otho. Lorrique, art thou turn'd villaine to my life.

Lo. I'le turne anything sir rather then nothing, I was taken,
life promist to betray you, and I loue life so well, that I would
not loose it for a Kingdome, for a kings Crowne, an Empire.

Hoff. On with the Crowne.

205 Otho. Oh tortor aboue measure.

Hoff. My father felt this paine, when thou hadst pleasure.

Otho. Thy father dyed for piracy.

Hoff. Oh peace,

Had he bin iudge himselfe, he would haue shew'd

He had bin clearer then the Christall morne!

But wretches sentenc'd neuer finde defence,

210 How euer guiltlesse bee their innocence,

No more did hee, no more shalt thou, no ruth

Pittied his winter age, none helps thy youth.

Otho. Oh Lorrique tortor, I feele an Aetna burne

Within my braines, and all my body else

215 Is like a hill of Ice, all [these] Baltique seas

That now, surround vs cannot quench this flame

Death like a tyrant seazeth me vnawares,

My sinewes shrinke like leaues parcht with the sunne

My blood dissolues, nerues and tendons fayle

220 Each part's disioynted, and my breath expires

Mount, soule to heauen, my body burnes in fire.

Lo. Hee's gon.

Hoff. Goe, let him; come, Lorrique,

This but the prologue to the 'nsuing play.

The

202 taken alive, [and] promised L. 216 these L. Belgique Q.
220 [my] nerves L. 222 fires L.

225 The first step to reuenge, this seane is done
 Father, I offer thee thy murtherers sonne.

Exeunt.

*Florish. Enter Ferdinand, Rodorick, Lodowick, Mathias,
 Lucibel, Jerom, Stilt, attendants.*

Ferd. Princes of Saxony and Austria,
 Though your owne words are of sufficient weight
 To iustifie the honorable loue
 230 Borne by Lodowick to bright Lucybell,
 Yet since your parents liue and as I heare
 There is betweene them some dissention,
 Blame vs not for detaining you thus long
 Till we had notice how the businesse stood.

235 Lod. Your royall entertaine great Ferdinand,
 Exceeding expectation in our stay,
 Bind vs to thanks, and if my brother please
 To hold his challenge for a Turnament
 In praise of Lucibellas excellence,
 240 No doubt our father and the Austrian duke
 Will be in person at so royall sport.

Ferd. We trust they will.

Rod. I doe assure your grace
 The Austrian and the duke of Saxony
 By true report of pilgrimes at my cell
 245 Frome eyther of there courts set hitherward
 Soms sixe dayes since.

Ferd. Thankes Rodorick for this newes
 They are more welcome then the sad discourse
 Of Leningberg our nephewes timeles wrake
 Which addeth sorrow to the mourning griefes
 250 Abounding in vs for our Dutches death.

Jer. I, truly princes, my father has had but hard lucke since your
 comming to his court, for ought I know you are bred of ill
 weather, come before you are sent for, yet if my most gracious
 father say you are welcome, I his more gracious sonne take you
 255 by the hands, though I can tell you my mothers death comes
 somewhat neere my heart, but I am a prince, and princes haue
 power

- power more then common people to subdue their passions.
 Mat. We know your worthinesse is experienc't
 In all true wisdom.
- 260 Jer. True, I am no foole, I haue bin at Wittenberg, where
 wit growes.
- Ferd. Peace thou vnshapen honor, my states shame,
 My ages corsche, and my blacke sinnes curse,
 Oh hadst thou neuer bin, I had bin then,
 265 A happy childlesse man, now among men,
 I am the most unhappie, one that knowes
 No end of mine, and of my peoples woes.
 I tell you, Princesse, and most gracious maide,
 I doe not weare these sable ornaments
 270 For Isabellas death, though she were deare,
 Nor are my eyelids ouerflowne with teares,
 For Otho of Luningberg, wrackt in the Sound,
 Though he were all my hope: but heer's my care,
 A witlesse foole must needs be Prussias heire.
- 275 Jer. Well, and you were not my father, — s'nailes, and I
 would not draw rather then put vp the foole, would I
 might neuer winne this lady at tilt and tournament: as
 Knights, I defie you both for her; euen you Lodowick, that
 loues her, and your brother that loues you: looke to
 280 me, Stilt, and I haue practis'd these two dayes: s'nailes god
 forgiue me to sweare, she shall not be carried away so.
- Mat. We are glad to heare your grace so resolute.
- Jer. As I am a Prince, and a Dukes heire, though I say it
 myselfe, I am as full of resolution as the proudest of you all.
- 285 Luci. I thanke Prince Lodowick, he has bound my youth
 To bee the conquerers prize, and if my starres
 Allott me to be yours, I will be proude,
 For how soere you seeme not fashioned
 Like mee, and cunning Courtiers: I protest,
 290 By some small loue I beare thee in mine eie,
 You worthy beautie, wealth and dignity.

C

Jer.

267 or of L. 268 Princes, L. 272 Soun Q. 275 an you
 were L. 279 love her L. 280 for I have L. 287 I shall. L.
 289 Like many cunning L. 291 Your Q. You're L.

- Jer. Heart you would not vnhorse Hercules for her father,
 i'le practice againe at Dantzike, you say in the Dukes
 meade; i'le meete thee Mathias: ther's my gloue for
 295 a gauntlet, though my father count me a foole, you shall ^{Exit.}
 finde me none.
- Ferd. Would I might neuer find thee any thing,
 For thou indeede art nothing in esteeme,
 My sad soule sinkes with sorrow at thy sight.
- 300 Lor. Health to the right gracious, generous, vertuous, and ^{Enter}
 valorous Ferdinand Duke of Prussia. ^{Lorrique.}
- Ferd. Hermet, dost thou not know this young mans face?
 Is't not Lorique, that met vs at thy cell
 With letters from our brother Luningberg?
- 305 Rod. It is that gentleman.
- Lor. I am no lesse.
- Ferd. Thou saydst thou wast my nephewes playfellow,
 Appointed to await his vertuous person,
 How is it then thou wert so ill aduised
 To take the land-way, and forsake thy Lord?
- 310 Whom I haue neuer seene, nor neuer may,
 Though in his life my hope and comfort lay.
- Lor. Be it knowne right gracious: Lorrique had neuer so
 little grace, as to leaue his loued lord for weather or water,
 for torture or fire, for death or for life, since I first came to
 315 moue in a pilgrims proportion; much disguised, being so
 proper a man: but onely for those sixe words, that I was
 sent wholly to giue notice of his comming.
- Ferd. But thou hast left him now sunke in the sea.
- Lor. I left the ship sunke, and his highnesse sau'd, for
 320 when all hope had left Master and pilot, sailer and swabber,
 I caus'd my Lord to leape into the cocke, and for feare she
 should be sunke with too much company, I caper'd out,
 and cut the cable: rowse, quoth the ship against the rocks,
 roomer cry I in the cocke, my Lord wept for the company:
- 325 I laught to comfort him; last by the power of heauen,
 good-

292 s'Heart, who L. her favour? L. 293 I say L. 306 thou
 wert. L. 309 landaway Q. take the lead so, L. 310 nor ever L.
 314 since he L. 311 my hopes L.

goodnesse of starrs, kindnesse of winds, mercy of the waues,
our cocke and wee were cast a shore vnder Reeshopscurrē,
we clamberd vp, but hauing scap't drowning, were in dan-
ger of killing.

330 Ferd. What there betided you?

Lor. Marry, my Lord a young villaine, sonne of a damn'd
pirate, a mayd rauisher.

Ferd. Be briefe, what was he?

Lor. Clois Hoffman.

Ferd. Oh my heart!

Did the false rebell hurt his soueraignes
sonne?

335 Lor. Noe my Lord, the prince so hought and hoft him,
that he had no other helpe but to his heeles, and then I, my
good Lord, being roefooted, outstript him in running, tript
him by strength, and in fine, finely cut's throat.

Ferd. Where is the villaines body?

340 Lor. Marry euen heaued ouer the scarr, and sent a swim-
ming toward Burtholme, his old habitation; if it bee not
intercepted by some Seale, Sharke, Sturgeon, or such like.

Ferd. Where is our nephew?

Lor. He intends to stay at the same hermitage, where I
345 saluted your excellence, with newes of my lords excellen-
cies intent, to visite you; for that his apparell is some-
what sea-sicke, and he wants shift.

Ferd. A charriot, and rich robes attend Lorrique.

And his reward, be thirteene hundred dollers,

350 For he hath driuen dolour from our heart.

Princes, and Princesse, in your kindest loue,

Attend our person to the hermitage,

Where we shall meete the heire of two great States,

Rich Luningberg, and warlike Prussias,

355 Otho liuing, wee'l disinherit our fond sonne:

And blesse all Dantzige, by our svnne elect,

Hermet you haue at home, a guest of ours,

Your little cell, is a great princes court;

Had you bin there to entertaine young Otho,

Hee

C₂

327 Reserhoft. L. 330 Be brief: what. L. 333 Klaus L.
338 cut his L. 341 towards Bornholme L. 345 Lord L. 354 Prus-
sia. Otho L.

360 He would haue tooke your welcome thankfully,
Where now he mournes, for want of company.

Rod. I will goe on before my gracious Lord.

Ferd. Nay I am iealous of my approaching ioy,
And fearefull, any eye but mine, should gaine
365 The pleasure of my glad diuining soule;
Forward come all, in my delight take part,
He that's now glad, addes ioy to gladnes heart.

Exeunt.

Enter Clois Hoffman.

Hoff. If there liue ere a surgeon that dare say
He could do better: ile play Mercury,
370 And like fond Marsias flay the Quacksaluer:
There were a sort of filthy Mountebankes,
Expert in nothing but in idle words,
Made a daies worke, with their incision kniues
On my opprest poore father: silly men,
375 Thrusting there dastard fingers in his flesh,
That durst not while he liued behold his face;
I haue fitted my anatomy
In a faire chaine to; father this youth scorn'd
When he was set in an ascending throne,
380 To haue you stand by him; would he could see,
How the case alters, you shall hang by him,
And hang afore him to, for all his pride,
Come, image of bare death, ioyne side, to side,
With my long iniur'd fathers naked bones;
385 He was the prologue to a Tragedy,
That if my destinies deny me not,
Shall passe those of Thyestes, Tereus,
Jocasta, or Duke Jasons iealous wife;
So shut our stage vp, there is one act done
390 Ended in Othos death; 'twas somewhat single;
Ile fill the other fuller, if Lorrique,
That I haue late sworne to be murders slaue,
Sweares hee will protest me to be Otho,
Whom Prussia his vnkle vnknowne loues;

If.

370 flea Q. 371 They were L. 374 man Q. 379 on an L.
393 Othos Q.

395 If I be taken for him, well: oh, then!
 Sweet vengeance make me happiest of all men:
 Prussia, I come as comets against change:
 As apparitions before mortall ends;
 If thou accept me for thy nephewe, so
 400 Vncle, ile vncle thee of thy proud life.
 Father farewell, ile to the hermitage,
 Where if I be receaued for Luningberg,
 I will haue thy drie bones, sanguin'd all or'e
 With thy foes bloud, Rhamnusia helpe thy priest,
 405 My wrong thou know'st, my willingnesse thou seest.

Exit.

Actus secundus.

Enter Jerom and Stilt.

Jer. Come Stilt, bestirre your stumpes; you know I must
 be a tilter.

Stilt. I my Lord, I know you should be one, but
 I hope you are not so madd.

410 Jer. What dost thou count it madnesse to runne a tilt.

Stilt. I my Lord, for you that cannot sit a hobby, you'le
 hardly manage your tilt horse.

Jer. Why? they say Stilt, that stone Mares are gentler, see
 if thou canst get me one of them.

415 Stilt. Not afore next grasse; I could helpe you now to a
 stone mule, a stone asse.

Jer. Well, ile trie one course with thee at the halfe pike,
 and then goe, come draw thy pike.

Stilt. That's not your fit word; you must say, aduance
 420 your pike, and you must be here sir, and here, you'l neuer
 learne for all my teaching.

Jer. I haue answered you Stilt, that Princes haue no need
 to bee taught, and I haue e'en determin'd with my selfe,
 not to runne at tilt, least I hazard my horse and harnesse:
 therefore

425 therefore ile to the court, and onely see my new cousin,
that they sayd was drownd: and then retire to my Castle
at Helsen, and there write a new poem, that I haue taken
paines in, almost these ten yeares: it is in prayse of picke-
toothes.

430 Stilt. That will be excellent my Lord, the barbers will buy
those poems abominably.

Jer. Nay sirra, ile get a patent from the Duke, my father,
for the Cum Privilegio for that poem, Ad imprimendum
solum; besides thou shalt haue a priuiledge, that no man
435 shall sell tooth-pickes without thy seale: my father saies I
am a foole, but I thinke I bestow my time to looke out for
setting a new nappe vpon his thredbare Common wealth:
who's that knockes? who dares disturbe our honorable
meditation? harke Stilt, dost thou see no noyse?

440 Stilt. No, but I heare a noyse.

Jer. A hall then; my father and my new cousen: stand
aside, that I may set my countenance, my beard brush and
mirror, Stilt, that set my countenance right to the mirror
of Knight-hood, for your mirror of magistrates is some-
445 what to sober. how lik'st me?

Stilt. Oh, excellent! heers your casting bottle.

Jer. Sprinkle, good Stilt, sprinkle, for my late practize
hath brought mee into strange sauour: ha, mother of mee,
thou hadst almost blinded the eyes of excellence; but
450 omnia bene, let them approach now, and I appeare not like
a Prince, let my father casheere me, as some say hee will.

Stilt. Casheere you? no, doe but manage your body, and
haue heere, and heere your congies, and then quid sequi-
tur. Stilt knowes, and all the court shall see.

*Enter Ferdinand leading Clois Hoffman: Mathias, and Hoboyes.
Lodowick leading Lucibella: Lorrique, with other
Lords attending: comming neere the chayre of state,
Ferdinand ascends, places Hoffman at his feete,
sets a Coronet on his head; a Herald proclaimes.
herald.*

433 for that poem, "Cum Privilegio ad imprimendum solum": L.
436 my time [well] L. 441 A hall there! L. 446 where's your L.
449 thou hast L.; eyes of my excellence C. 450 "nota bene" L.
Bühnenweisung: Coronot.

455 Her. Ferdinand by the diuine grace, prince of Heidel-
 berg. Lord of Pomerania, Duke of Prussia, for sundry reaons
 him mouing, the quiet state of his people especially:
 which as a witlesse and insufficient prince, disinherits Je-
 rom Heidelberg his knowne sonne, and adopteth Otho of
 460 Luningberg his sisters sonne, as heire, immediately to suc-
 ceed after his death in all his prouinces. God saue Duke
 Ferdinand, and Otho his heire.

Ferd. Amen, Heauen witnesse, how my heart is pleas'd, Florish.
 With the conceit of Prussias after-peace,
 By this election.

465 Jer. Why? but heare you father.

Ferd. Away, disturbe vs not, let's in and feast,
 For all our country in our choyce is blest.

Jer. Why, but Stilt, what's now to be done Stilt? Florish.
Exeunt.

Stilt. Nay that's more then I know: this matter will
 470 trouble vs more then all your poem of picktooths, s'nailes:
 you were better be vnknighthed then vnprinc'd, I haue lost
 all my hope of preferment, if this hold.

Jer. Noe more Stilt, I haue it heere; 'tis in my head, and out
 it shall not come, till red reuenge in robes of fire, and mad-
 475 ding mischiefe runne and raue: they say I am a foole Stilt,
 but follow me; i'le seeke out my notes of Machiauel, they say
 hee's an odd politician.

Stilt. I faith hee's so odd, that he hath driuen euen hone-
 sty from all mens hearts.

480 Jer. Well, sword come forth, and courage enter in,
 Brest breake with griefe; yet hold to be reueng'd:
 Follow me Stilt; widdowes vnborne shall weepe,
 And beardlesse boyes with armour on their backes
 Shall beare vs out, Stilt we will tread on stilts,
 485 Throughout the purple pauement of the court,
 Which shall bee, let me see, what shall it be?
 No court, but euen a caue of misery.

Thers

456 Pomer, and Q. 459 his own sonne C. 472 all hopes of L.
 481 yet bold C. 485 Through Q.

Stilt. Ther's an excellent speech.

Jer. Stilt, follow me, pursue me, will acquire
490 And either die, or compasse my desire.

Stilt. Oh brauc master, not a Lord:
O, Stilt will stalke, and make the earth a stage,
But hee will haue thee lord in spight of rage.

Enter Rodorigo, and Austria's Duke, some followers. Exeunt.

Rod. Sir since you are content, you heere shall finde,
495 A sparing supper, but a bounteous minde:
Bad lodging, but a heart as free, and generous,
As that whicheuer is fed with generous blood.

Aust. Your hermitage is furnish't for a prince.

Rod. Last night this roofe couer'd the sacred heads
500 Of fiae most noble, faire, and gracious Princes,
Duke Ferdinand himselfe, [and] Otho his nephew,
The sonnes of Saxon, and the Austrian Princesse.

Aust. Oh god! that girle, which fled my court and loue,
Making loue colour for her heedles flight.

505 Rod. Pardon great prince: are you the Austrian duke?

Aust. Hermet I am: Saxons proud wanton sonns
Were entertaind like Priam's Firebrand
At Sparta: all our State gladly appear'd
Liki chierfull Lacedemons, to receaue
510 Those Daemons that with magicke of their tongues,
Bewitch't my Lucibells my Helen's eares.

Rod. Who traueleth so late? who knockes so hard?
Turne to the east end of the Chappell, pray;
We are ready to attend you.

knocking
and calling
within.

Enter Duke
of Saxony.

515 Sax. Which is the way to Dantzicke?

Rod. There is no way to Dantzicke you can finde
Without a guide thus late, come neere I pray,

Sax. Looke to our horses, by your leaue master Hermet,
wee

496 free, and good C. 497 which Q; which [e'er] L.
502 Sax'ny, L. 506 Sax'ny's L.

- We are soone bidden, and will proue bold guests:
 520 God saue you sir.
 Aust. That should bee Saxons tongue.
 Sax. Indeed I am the Duke of Saxony.
 Aust. Then art thou father to lasciuious sonnes,
 That haue made Austria childles.
 Sax. Subtill duke,
 Thy craft appeares in framing thy excuse,
 525 Thou dost accuse my yong sons innocence:
 I sent them to get knowledge, learne the tongues,
 Not to be metamorphis'd with the view
 Of flattering beauty, peraduenture painted.
 Aust. No, I defie thee John of Saxony;
 530 My Lucibell for beauty needs no art,
 Nor doe I thinke the vertues of her minde
 Euer inclind to this ignoble course
 But by the charmes and forcings of thy sonnes.
 Sax. Oh, would thou durst maintaine thy words prowde Duke.
 535 Rod. I hope great princes, neither of you dare
 Commit a deede so sacrilegious:
 This holy cell
 Is dedicated to the sonne of peace;
 The foot of war neuer prophan'd this floore,
 540 Nor doth wrath here with his consuming voyce
 Affright these buildings; charity with prayer,
 Humility with abstinence combin'd,
 Are heere the guardians of a grieued minde.
 Aust. Father we do obey thy holy voyce;
 545 Duke John of Saxony, receiue my faith;
 Till our eares heare the true course thy sonnes
 Haue taken with my fond and mis-led child.
 I proclaime truce, why dost thou sullen stand?
 If thou meane peace, giue me thy princely hand.
 550 Sax. Thus doe I plight thee troth, and promise peace,
 Aust. Nay, but thy eyes agree not with thy heart;
 In vowes of combination, ther's a grace
 That shewes the intention in the outward face,
 Looke cherefully, or I expect no league. Sax.

D

523 O subtill Q. Oh: Lamb. 524 the excuse Lamb. thy accuse D.
 527 metamorphos'd L. u. D. metamorphosed Lamb. 531 the beauties
 of her mind. Lamb. 534 thou would'st Lamb. 538 Pince of peace.
 Lamb. 539 foot of man. Lamb. 544 do fehlt Q. [do] L. u. Lamb.
 546 course [that] L. which. Lamb.

- 555 Sax. First giue me leaue to view a while the person,
Of this here Hermet, Austria, note him well,
Is he not like my brother Rodorick?
- Aust. Hee's like him, but I heard he lost his life
Long since in Persia, by the Sophies warres.
- 560 Rod. I heard so much my Lords, but that report
Was purely fain'd spread by my erring tongue,
As double as my heart, when I was yonge:
I am that Rodorick that aspir'd your throne;
That vile false brother who with rebell breath,
- 565 Drawne sword, and trecherous heart threatned your death.
- Sax. My brother! nay, then, i'faith old John lay by
Thy sorrowing thoughts, turne to thy wonted veyne,
And be madd John of Saxony againe.
Mad Rodorick, art aliue? my mothers sonne,
- 570 Her ioy and her last birth; oh she coniur'd me
To vse thee thus, and yet I banisht thee:
Body of me; I was vnkinde I know,
But thou deseru'st it then; but let it goe:
Say thou wilt leaue this life thus truly idle,
- 575 And liue a Statesman, thou shalt share in raigne,
Commanding all but me thy soueraigne.
- Rod. I thanke your Highnes; I will thinke on it:
But for my sinnes this sufferance is more fit.
- Sax. Tut, title, tattle, tell not me of sinne.
- 580 Now Austria once againe thy Princely hand:
Ile looke thee in the face, and smile, and sweare,
If any of my sonnes haue wrong'd thy child,
Ile helpe thee in reuenging it my selfe;
But if as I beleue they meane, but honor,
- 585 As it appeareth by these iusts proclaim'd.
Then thou shalt be content to name him thine,
And thy faire daughter ile account as mine.
- Aust. Agreed.
- Sax. Ah Austria! t'was a world when you and I
- 590 Ran these Carreers; but now we are stiffe and drie.

Aust.

556 here felt Q this [same] L. view him well. Lamb. 557 your brother Q. 563 thy throne Lamb. 564 brother that Lamb. 566 'faith L. 582 If either L.

Aust. I am glad you are so pleasant my good Lord.

Sax. T'was my old mood, but I was soone turn'd sad

With ouer grieuving for this long lost lad;

And now the Boy is growne, as old as I,

595 His very face as full of grauity.

Rod. I know the seruants that attend on me

By the appointment of Duke Ferdinand

By this haue couered. Please your Graces enter.

Sax. Why then let's in: brother I trust, and brother

600 Hold you this hand, Rodorick hold thou the other,

By heauen my heart with happinesse is crown'd,

In that my long lost brother now is found:

Enter Clois Hoffman solus.

Exeunt.

Hoff. So run on fate, my destinies are good,

Reuenge hath made me great by shedding blood:

605 I am suppos'd the heire of Luningberg,

By which I am of Prussia Prince elect.

Good: who is wrong'd by this? onely a foole:

And 'tis not fit that idiots should beare rule.

Enter Lorrique.

Lor. My Lord I haue as you inioyn'd, intic't Saxons elder

610 sonne to talke with you: and heere hee comes with his
most excellent, amorous, and admirable Lady.

Hoff. Ha'st thou the Hermets weeds for my disguise?

Lor. All ready, fit, fit in the next chamber, your beard is
point-vice, not a haire amisse.

615 Hoff. Faithfull Lorrique in thy vnfaithfulnes:

I kisse thy cheeke, and giue thee in that kisse

The moitie of all my earthly blisse.

Lor. Good: I am halfe a Monarke: halfe a fiend

Exit.

Blood I begun in and in blood must end

620 Yet this Clois is an honest villaine, has

Conscience in his killing of men: he kils

None but his fathers enemies, and there issue,

'Tis admirable, 'tis excellent, 'tis well

'Tis meritorious, where? in heauen? no, hell.

D₂

Enter

599 trust as brother L. 609 Saxony's L. 613 All ready and
fitting L. 614 point device L. 620 he has L.

Enter Lodowick and Lucibella.

625 Lod. Now friend, where is prince Otho?

Lor. Sad, sir, and griued.

Luci. Why? prithee why?

Lor. Alas I know not why.

The hermet Rodorigo talkt with him

Somewhat of you, and somewhat of the Duke,

About surprizing you and murdering Lodowick:

630 Or such a thing, nay sure 'twas such a thing.

Luci. Surprizing me and murdering Lodowicke.

Lod. By whom? by what complot?

Lor. Sure by the Duke, the Duke's an odd old lad:

I know, this night ther's set a double guard,

635 And ther's some tricke in that: but patience:

Heere comes the Hermet: holy reuerent man!

Enter Clois Hoffman lihe a hermet.

Somewhat important, wings his aged feete

With [speedy] nimblenesse: heauen graunt that all be well.

Clois. Princes in pittie of your youth, your loue,

640 Your vertues, and what not, that may moue ruth,

I offer you the tender of your liues,

Which yet you may preserue: but if you stay,

Death and destruction waiteth your delay.

Lod. Who hath conspir'd our deathes? speake reuerent man.

645 Clois. The Duke of Prussia, doating on this face;

Worthy indeed of wonder, being so faire,

This night hath plotted, first to murder you;

The guard are set that you may not escape,

650 Within, without, and round about the court;

Onely one way, thorow Prince Otho his lodging

Is left; heere is the key, and for more prooffe

Of my great zeale and care, on with these robes,

within

641 tenure C. 643 wait on L. 651 Otho's lodging L.

Within are Grecian habits for your heads;
 655 Nay if you loue life do not stand amaz'd,
 But take the path toward my hermitage,
 Yet I aduize you, that you go not in;
 There may be (more) plots to, for ought I know;
 But turne downe by the riuer, ther's a way
 660 Leads to a little Chappell; in that porch
 Stay, till I visit you with better newes;

Lod. I will but call my brother, and then goe.

Clois. That were a going neuer to returne:

I'le send him after you, be well assur'd.

665 Luci. Oh god! the Duke of Prussia grown thus false,
 Such shewes of friendship, and so little faith.

Lod. Come Lucibella lets embrace this meane,
 Duke Ferdinand shall with a sorrowing heart,
 Repent this base dishonourable plot:

670 Father, our fortunes if they sort aright,
 Shall with continuall thankfulnessse requite
 This vertuous and this charitable care:
 Farwell: wee'l wait thee in the Chappell porch
 Bring Prince Mathias our kind brother thither,
 675 And thou shalt add good works to charity:
 Once more farewell Lorrique; ther's for thee,
 Commend me to thy Lord, tell him this wronge
 Of his false vnkle, shall meete full reuenge:
 But doe to him our duties. Come, chast, faire,
 680 We must not now by tilt and tournament
 Maintayne thy honor: for thy champion Knight,
 Is fors't by treason to vnwilling flight.

Clois. So runne to mischief: Oh my deare Lorrique!

Exit.

When I haue summ'd vp my account of death,
 685 And rob'd those fathers of there lifes and ioy,
 That rob'd mee of my ioy, my fathers life,
 Thus thy hand claspt in mine, wee'l walke and meditate,
 And boast in the reuenges I haue wrought;

D₃

That

658 (more) fehlt Q. 666 freindship Q. 673 we'll meet L.
 685 joys L.

690 That done; ile seat thee by my throne of state,
And make thee riual in those gouernments,
That by thy secrecy thou lift'st me to;
Shalt be a Duke at least.

Lor. I thanke your Grace,
But pray resolue me what you now intend,
To these two Princes Lodowick, and Mathias,
695 And the thrice beautious Princesse Lucibell.

Hoff. Death certaine:
Call in Mathias, if my plot proue good,
Ile make one brother shed the others blood.

700 Lor. I am nimble as your thought, deuise, i'le execute
what you command.

Hoff. A pretious villaine: a good villaine too: Exit.
Well if he be no worse; that is doe worse,
And hony me in my death-stinging thoughts,
I will preferre him: he shall be prefer'd
705 To hanging peraduenture; why not? 'tis well
His sufferance heere may saue his soule from hell. Enter
Lorrique.
Hee comes;
What newes my faithfull seruant? wher's the Prince.

Lor. Hee's talking with the lady Lucibell,
710 And when I said your Highnesse sent for him,
Hee 'gan with courtly salutations,
To take his leaue and to attend your grace.

Hoff. Well god-a-mercy friend, thou got'st me grace:
But more of that at leasure: take this gowne;
715 My cloake, a chaire; I must turne melancholy.
Second what ere I say, approoue my words, Enter
Mathias,
That we may mooue Mathias to mad rage.

Mat. God saue your excellence: what sad, dull, heauy?
Or are you now in meditation
720 Which part to take to morrow at the Tilt?

the

The mead is ringd with tents of stranger Knights,
Whose rich deuices, and caparisons
Exceed the Persian Monark's, when he met
Destruction and pale death sent from the sword
725 Of Philips sonne, and his stout Macedons
Cheerely Prince Otho ther's such a warlike sight
That would stirre vp a leaden heart to fight.

Hoff. For what?

Mat. For honor and faire Lucibell.

Hoff. Oh Prince Mathias! it is ill combin'd
730 When honor is with fickle beautie ioynd.
Where is your most Princely brother?

Mat. I cannot tell

I left him with his loued Lucibell.

Hoff. But shee has got another loue,
Dishonored all this rich assembly,
735 Left the memoriall of such infamy,
As cannot die while men haue memory.

Mat. How? pray you how? what hath the princesse done?

Hoff. She with a Grecian is but new fled hence,
Belike some other loue of hers before:
740 Our tilt and turnament is spoild and crost.
The faire we should defend, her faith hath lost.

Mat. Fled with a Grecian? saw you them goe Prince Otho?

Hoff. I, I, I saw them goe.

Mat. And would not stay them?

Hoff. My true seruant knowes,
745 How at the sight of such inconstancy
My gentle heart was smitt with inward grieve
And I sunk downe with sorrow.

Mat. S' death; what path?

Which way? that I may track her harlot-steps.

Fled now: gone now: ile goe seeke Lodowicke

750 Hoff. Nay then you add an irreligious worke,
To there lasciuious act; follow your selfe,
I and my man will beare you company
Lorrique, as I thinke, thou nam'dst a chappell,
A Hermet, some such thing: I haue lost the forme.

Lor.

755 Lor. I heard her say, she could not trauell far,
He told her, they would rest the dead of night,
Neere to a chappell, by a hermitage.

Mat. Where is that chappell? wher's that hermitage?

If you loue honor Princely Luningberg,
760 Lets to that chappell: if you know the way,
That I may kill our shame, ere it see day.

Hoff. Ile guide you to the chappell, ayd your arme,
In your reuenge, against that Grecian,
But for the Lady spare her; she is faire.

765 Mat. I will doe what I can; oh hell of life!
Who but a foole would striue to winne a wife?
Shall we call Lodowick?

Hoff. Noe,
T'would smite his soule in sunder, split his heart,
If he should heare of such adulterate wronge,
770 Couer the fault or punish as you please:
Yet I would saue her fame, for she deserues
Pitty for beauty.

Mat. Nothing, noe for nothing.
Shee is as harlots, faire, like gilded tombs
Goodly without; within all rottennes:
775 Shee's like a painted fire vpon a hill,
Set to allure the frost-nipt passengers,
And starue them after hope: she is indeede
As all such strumpets are, Angell in shew,
Diuell in heart: Come, [come] if you loue me goe.

Exit.

780 Hoff. Follow Lorrique; we are in the right way.

Exit.

Lor. To hell I feare: tush let all feare goe by,
Whool shun a bad way with good company.

Exit.

Actus tertius.

Enter Lodowick and Lucibell.

Lod. Are you not faint diuineest Lucibell?

Luci.

771 her faine Q.
Actus tertus Q.

772 [her] beauty L.

773 a harlot L.

Luci. Noe, the cleare moone strowes siluer in our path,
 785 And with her moist eyes weepes a gentle dew
 Vpon the spotted pauement of the earth,
 Which softens euery flowre whereon I tread
 Besides; all trauell in your company
 Seemes but a walke made in some goodly bowre,
 790 Where loues faire mother strips her paramoure.

Lod. This is the Chappell, and beholde a banke,
 Couer'd with sleeping flowers, that misse the Sunne:
 Shall Wee repose vs till Mathias come?

Luci. The Hermet will soone bring him, let's sit downe,
 795 Nature, or art hath taught these boughes to spred,
 In manner of an arbour o're the banke.

Lod. No, they bow downe as vailes to shadow you:
 And the fresh flowers beguiled by the light
 Of your celestiall eyes, open there leaues,
 800 And when they entertaine the lord of day
 You bring them comfort like the Sunne in May.

Luci. Come, come, you men will flatter beyond meane:
 Will you sit downe? and talke of the late wronge
 Intended by the Duke of Prussia?

805 Lod. Fairest forget it, [leaue] till we are [cleare] freed hence,
 I will defie him, and cause all the knights
 Assembled for our purpos'd tournament,
 To turne there keene swords 'gainst his catiue head.

Luci. Prithee no more, I feele thy blood turne hot,
 810 And wrath inflames thy spirit, let it cease;
 Forgiue this fault, conuert this war to peace.

Lod. O breath sweet touch with what a heauenly charme
 Doe your soft fingers my war-thoughts disarm,
 Prussia had reason to attempt my life
 815 Incharnted by the magicke of these lookes,
 That cast a luster on the blushing starrs.
 Pardon chast Queene of beauty, make me proude
 To rest my toild head on your tender knee,
 My chin with sleepe is to my bosome bow'd;

E

faire

786 the zweimal Q. 790 clips L. 794 soon will L. 800 As
 when L. 805 leave't, till we are freed from hence! L. 815 thy
 looks L. 812 O, Love's sweet touch! L. 813 wa -houghts Q.

820 Faire if you please a little rest with mee.

Luci. No, ile be Centinell; ile watch for feare
Of venomous wormes, or wolues, or woluish theeues:
My hand shall fanne your eyes, like the film'd winge
Of drowsie morpheus; and my voyce shall sing

825 In a low compasse for a Lucibell.

Sleepe sweete, perhaps ile sleepe for company.

Lod. I thanke you; I am drowsie, sing I pray;
Or sleepe: doe what you please, I am heauy, I;
Good night to all our care: oh; I am blest

830 By this soft pillow where my head doth rest.

Luci. *By my troth I am sleepy too: I cannot sing,
My heart is troubled with some heavy thing.*

Hee sleepes.

Rest on these violets, whilst I prepare,
In thy soft slumber to receiue a share:

835 Blush not chaste Moone to see a virgin lie

So neere a Prince, 'tis noe immodestie:

For when the thoughts are pure, noe time, noe place,
Hath power to worke faire chastities disgrace;

Lodowick I claspe thee thus, so arme clip arme,

840 So sorrow fold them that wish true loue harme.

Enter Lorrigue, Mathias, Clois Hoffman.

Sleepes.

Mat. Art sure tha'st found them?

Lor. Looke, are these they?

Mat. Adulterer: strumpet.

Lod. Oh!

845 Luci. Oh!

Hoff. Vnhumane deede to kill both.

Mat. Both haue abus'd our glory, both shall bleed,

Luci. How now? what haue ye done? my Lodowick bleeds
Some sauage beast hath fixt his ruthles fange

850 In my soft body: Lodowick, I faint,

deere

825 for a lullaby L. 831 Luci. fehlt Q. In sooth L. 837 nor
place L. 838 Have pow'r L. 840 Let sorrow L. 846 what,
kill them both! L.

Deere wake ; my Lodowick: alas, what meanes
Your brest to be thus wet? Is't blood or sweat?

Lod. Who troubles me?

Mat. Brother.

Lod. Who is that? Mathias.

855 Mat. I, accursed I,

Lod. Wher's the good Hermet? thanke him for his loue,
Yet tell him; Ferdinand of Prussia
Hath a long arme; some murderer of his
Hath kild vs sleeping.

Luci. Kild thee? oh no!

860 I trust the carefull destinies deny
So hard a fate: 'tis I alone am kild.
Come Lodowick, and close vp my night-vaild eies
That neuer may agen behold the day.

Hoff. What meanes Mathias?

He offers to
kill himselfe.

Mat. Hold me not Prince Otho.

865 I will reuenge my selfe vpon my selfe:
For Parricide for damned parricide:
I haue kild my brother sleeping in the armes
Of the diuine forme that e're held breath.
I haue kild loues Queene defac't with my foule hand;
870 The goodliest frame that euer nature built
And driuen the graces from the mansion
Wherein they haue continued from their birth;
She now being dead, shee'l dwell no more on earth.

Lod. What mooued you to it brother?

875 Mat. Iealous rage, suspition by Prince Otho,
That Lucibell had fled with a base Greeke,
Oh me accursed! I am borne to shame.

Hoff. But I am wretcheder, that from the loue
Deuoted to the house of Saxony,

880 Haue thus begot this monster cruelty:
I lay within an arbour, when I saw
The princesse, and your selfe in this disguise
Departing secretly my vnckles court:

E₂

I

852 I'st Q. 866 For fratricide L. 871 that mansion L. 872 her
birth C. 873 (She now being dead) L. 878 on the love L.

- I iudg'd you for a Greeke as you appear'd,
 885 Told Prince Mathias of your secret flight;
 And hee led on by fury followed you
 Where thus deceaued by night and your attire,
 Hath rob'd your heart of life, his owne of ioy.
 Mat. Forgiue me brother, pardon fairest maide,
 890 And ere the icy hand of ashie death
 Fold your faire bodies in this sable vaile;
 Discouer why you put on this disguise.
 Lod. To scape the lustfull Duke of Prussia,
 Who purpos'd this night to murder me,
 895 And rauish her whom death hath made his pray
 My Lucibell, whose lights are mask't with clouds
 That neuer will be cleard.
 Hoff. My vnkle, fie,
 Who buz'd into your head this damned lie?
 Lod. It's no lie.
 Luci. Noe lie: 'tis true, 'tis true,
 900 The reuerent Hermet Rodorick told it vs.
 Hoff. The Hermet is a villaine damn'd in hell
 Before the worlds creation, if he said
 My Princely vnkle purpos'd such a thought.
 Looke to the Princesse, ther's life in her:
 905 Cheere vp your heart Prince Lodowicke, courage man.
 Your being of comfort may recouer her,
 While I bring forth the Hermet and disprooue
 This false assertion: Rodorick is a slaue
 A vile and irreligious hypocrite,
 910 No Hermet, but a diuell if he dare
 Affirme such falshood of Duke Ferdinand.

Enter Rodorigo, Saxony, and Austria.

Rod. Rodorick is not as you report him sir,
 Nor did he ere belie Duke Ferdinand.

Hoff. No did? why then did you maliciously

aduse

887 deceased Q. 891 in his L. 898 your ear L. 901 to hell
 L. 914 Ne'er did? L. 915 aduse Q.

- 915 Aduise Prince Lodowick and faire Lucibell
To flie the Prussian court this dismall night.
Rod. Who I? I spake not with them,
Lod. Yes ye did.
Sax. Where was it that he spake with you? tell vs where?
Lod. At Dantzicke in the Duke of Prussias court
920 Sax. Who heard him besides you?
Lod. The Princesse Lucibell.
Luci. As heauen shall helpe my fleeting soule, I did.
Aust. Why speakes my dukedomes hope in hollow sounds?
Looke vp fayre child heer's Saxony and I
Thy father, Lucibella looke on me;
925 I am not angry that thou fled'st away
But come to grace thy nuptials; prithee speake.
Luci. Father I thanke you: Lodowick reach me thy hand
How cold thou art; death now assailes our hearts,
Hauing triumph't ouer the outward parts;
930 Farewell a while, we die but part, to meete
Where ioyes are certaine, pleasures endlesse, sweete.
Father, this latest boone of you I craue,
Let him, and me, lie in one bed, and graue.
Aust. Oh me! oh miserable wretched me. Moritur.
935 Lod. Houer a little longer, blessed soule,
Glide not away too fast: mine now forsaks
His earthly mansion and on hopes gilt wings
Will gladly mount with thine, where Angels sing
Celestiall ditties to the King of Kings.
940 Brother adew, your rashnesse I forgiue,
Pardon me father, pardon; Austria
Your daughter is become a bride for death:
The dismall euen before her wedding day.
Hermet God pardon thee: thy double tongue
945 Hath caus'd this errour: but in peace farewell.
Hee that lifts vs to Heauen keepe thee from Hell. Moritur.
Rod. Oh strange conjecture! what should moue this Prince
To charge me with such horrid cruelty?
Mat.

931 Where loves are L. endless-sweet! L. 937 Its earthly L.
943 eve L.

Mat. Ile tell thee hypocrite.

Sax. Stay Mathias stay,

950 It is thy vncle Rodorick, and besides,
My honor and Duke Austria's shall bee gag'd,
He neuer parted from our company
In his owne hermitage since day declinde,
And glimmering twilight vsher'd in the night.

955 Hoff. Not from his hermitage?

Aust. Noe, not he.

Hoff. Is't possible?

Aust. By Heauen he did not.

Hoff. Then there is villany, practice, and villany

Mathias hath bin wrong'd and drawne to kill

His naturall brother, with him to destroy

960 The rarest peece of natures workmanship,

No doubt by practize and base villany

The Hermet not at court? strange! wondrous!

Sax. Oh for my sonne, and Austria's worthy childe.

Aust. Thou weep'st in scorne, and very teare of thine

965 Couers a smile. Saxony, I defie

All truce, all league of loue, guard thee prowde Duke;

Thy sonnes haue made me childlesse; Ile haue thee

Consort in death with my wrong'd girle and mee.

Hoff. Helpe Prince Mathias: Hermet, oh the Heauens!

970 The Austrian Duke sinkes downe vpon the earth.

Aust. Proud John of Saxony: ha'st thou no wound?

Sax. Not any Austria; neither toucht I thee.

Aust. Somebody toucht me home: vaine world fare well

Dying I fall on my dead Lucibell.

975 Sax. Sir what are you that take on you to parte?

It's by your weapon that the Duke is falne.

Hoff. If I thought so, i'de fall vpon the point,

But I am innocent of such an ill:

Kill my good kinsman, Duke of Austria;

980 Then were Prince Otho of Luningberg set downe

In sad dispaire blacke booke to raue and die;

But I am free from such impiety.

Sax.

950 Rodorigo Q. 956 I'st Q. 964 ev'ry tear L. 967 Bühnen-
weisung: Hoffman kills him Q. (Eintrag mit Blei). 976 has fall'n L.
977 upon this L. 982 iniquity L.

Sax. Are you Prince Otho of Luningberg?

Rod. He is,

And heire apparent to Duke Ferdinand.

985 Sax. May be the Moone deceaues me, and my grieve,
As well in the distinguishing of sounds,
As sight: I haue heard of young Luningberg,
And seene him to at Hoffmans ouerthrow,
He lookt not like you, neither spake like you.

990 Mat. Father, 'tis he: Lorrique his man attends him,
That fellow which is all compos'd of mirth
Of mirth? of death: why should I thinke of mirth
After so foule a murder? come lend hands
To giue this Princely body funerall rites,
995 That I may sacrifice this hand and heart
For my peace-offerings on theyr sepulchers.

Sax. Nay, boy, thou shalt not leaue old Saxony
Childles for all this sorrow: Prince, if Otho
Helpe in my son with noble Austria,
1000 Lodowick shal be my burden: brother yours
The louely but the lucklesse Lucibell.
So treade a heauy measure; now lets goe
To interre the dead, our hearts being dead with woe.

Rod. Ther's life in Lucibella, for I feele
1005 A breath, more odoriferous then balme
Thirle through the corral portals of her lipps,
Apparent signes of life, her pulses beate;
Oh if I could but yet recouer her,
T' would satisfie the State of Austria,
1010 That else would be disturb'd for want of heires
Heauen be propitious, guide my artlesse hand,
To preserue fainting life in this cleare forme.
Graunt this, thou soule of all Diuinity,
And I will striue what euer mortall may
1015 To serue thee on my knees both night and day.
Tarry, Prince Otho, and see their bodies balm'd.

Exeunt carrying the
dead bodies.
Rod. last
with Lucibell.

Enter Hoffman and
Saxony.

Hoff.

998 and if Q. if thou'rt L. 1004 Lucibell Q. 1006 porals Q.
1012 fair form! L. 1016 the bodies L.

Hoff. I pray you thinke me not in passion dull;
 I must withdraw, and weepe, my heart is full.
 Oh reuerent man, thou bearest the richest fruite;
 1020 That euer fell in the vnripened spring,
 Goe lay her soft, she had ill fate to fall;
 But rich or faire or strong, death swallowes all,
 Hola! Lorrique, leaue our horse; draw neere.
 Helpe me to sing a hymne vnto the fates
 Compos'd of laughing interiections.

Enter
 Lorrique.

Lor. Why my good Lord? what accidents haue chanc't,
 That tickle so your spleene?

Hoff. Oh my deere selfe:
 Thou trusty treasurer of my reuenge;
 Kneele downe, and at my bidding kisse the earth;
 1030 And on her cold eare whisper this strict charge:
 That she prouide the best of her perfumes,
 The fat of Lambs rap't from the bleating Ewes,
 The sweetest smelling wood she can deuise;
 For I must offer vp a sacrifice.

1035 To blest occasion that hath seconded
 With opportune meanes my desire of wreake;

Lor. Now I haue kis't the earth, let me pertake
 In your great ioy, that seemes to exceed.
 Are Lodowick, and the Princesse murder'd?

1040 Hoff. Tis done, goe, hie thee to Prince Ferdinand;
 Tell him how misaduenture and mistrust
 Hath kild Prince Lodowick and bright Lucibell:
 By Prince Mathias hand: adde to that chaunce,
 Another vnexpected accident:

1045 Say that the Dukes of Austria and Saxony,
 Being by the Hermet Rodorick intertain'd,
 And hearing outcries in the dead of night,
 Came and beheld the tragick spectacle,
 Which sight did so inrage the Austrian Duke,

1050 That he, assail'd the Saxon, but fell slaine,

On

1020 fell in its L. vnripirod Q. 1023 Ho, Lorick L. horses
 and L. 1030 in her cold L. 1036 means opportune L. 1038 that
 seems t' exceed [your hopes.] L. 1044 incident L.

On his pale daughter, now defloured by death.

Lor. Is Austria then slaine by Saxony?

Hoff. Come, come, hee's dead, eyther by him or me,
Noe matter, hee's gone: ther's more to goe.

1055 Runne with the newes; away.

Exit.

*Enter Stilt, and a rabble of poore souldiers: old Stilt
his father, with his scarfe like a Captaine. A
scuruy march.*

Stilt. Father, set you the army in qeraye, while I inuocate:
the Generall Foulkes: Fibs, forman, and

1060 Friends all, Officers all, helpe to marshall; Prince
Ierom my Lord shall remunerate that, is shall be
Full of thankesgiuving, while nature is able to
nourish, or sustayne; Father you haue order to stay the
rest, be sententious, and full of circumstance I aduise you;
and remember this, that more then mortality fights on
our side; for we haue treason and iniquity to maintayne
1065 our quarrell.

Old Stilt. Hah! what say'st my sonne? treason and iniquity?

1070 Stilt. Reason, and equity I meant Father; ther's little
controuersy in the words: but like a Captaine couragi-
ous, I pray goe forward, remember the place you are, in noe
more, but this; the dayes of old, no more, but that; and
the glory Father; Knighthood at least, to the vtter defa-
cing of you and your posterity, noe more but soe.

Exit.

O. Stilt. Well, goe thy waies: thou art able to put fire
into a Flintstone; thou hast as rheumatique a tongue to
per-

F

1056 in array, L. 1057 foremen L. 1058 Officers ail Q.
1068 controversy L.

1075 perswade as any is betweene Pole and Pomer; but thou art
euen kilt after kind, I am thy father, and was infamous
for my exprobations, to discourage a dissembly of tall
souldiers afore thou wert borne, and I haue made them
stand to it tooth and nayle; how say you, most valiant and
1080 reprobate Country men: haue ye not heard I haue bin a
stinger, a tickler, a wormer.

Fibs. Yes; noble, ancient Captaine Stilt, ye haue re-
mou'd mens hearts I haue heard that of my father (God
rest his soule,) when yee were but one of the common all
1085 souldiers that seru'd old Sarloys in Norway.

O. Stilt. I then was, and Sarloys was; a gentleman wou'd
not haue giuen his head for the washing; but hee is cut
of, as all valiant caualeroes shall; and they be no more neg-
ligent of themselues; But to the purpose: wee are dissem-
1090 bled together, and falne into battayle beray in the behalfe
Prince Ierom, a vertuous Prince, a wise Prince, and a most
respectlesse prince; my son Timothies master, and the vn-
lawfull heire of this land. Now sir the old Duke has put out
a declamation, and saies our rising is noe other then a re-
1095 surrection, for the Prince inspires not against his father;
but the Duke inspires against his son, vsing him most natu-
rally, charitably, and abhominably, to put him from inter-
cession of the crowne; wherefore as yee bee true men,
and obstinate subiects to the State vncouer your heads, and
1100 cast vp your caps, and cry a Jerom, a Jerom.

Omnes. A Jerom, a Jerom, a Jerom.

Enter Jerom,
and Stilt.

Jer. Most noble Countrymen I cannot but condole in
ioy, and smile in teares to see you assembled in my right,
but this is the lamentation that I poore Prince must
make, who for my fathers proclamation am like for to
loose

1084 common soldiers L. 1086 gentleman [who] L. 1088 shall
[be] L. 1090 behalf [of] L.

1105 loose my head; except you stand to mee, for they are coming on with bowes, bills, and guns, against vs: but if you be valiant, and stand to me lustily, all th'earth shall roare but wee'l haue victory.

Enter with Drum, and Colours, Duke Ferdinand, Hoffman Lorrique, Captaine to leade the drum, the souldiers march and make a stand; all on Jeroms side cast vp their caps and cry a Jerom.

Ferd. Vpon those traytors valiant gentlemen:

1110 Let not that beast the multitude confront,
With garlicke-breath and their confused cries
The Maiesty of me their lawfull Duke,
Strike their Typhoean body downe to fire
That dare 'gainst vs, their soueraigne conspire.

1115 Jer. Come, come, you shall haue your hands full, and you
Come where we haue to doe, stand to it Stilt.

Stilt. Stand to't? heer's the father and the son will stand,
though all the rest flie away.

O. Stilt. I warrant you Prince, when the battaile comes
1120 to ioyning, my son and I will bee invisible, and they ouer-
come vs, ile giue you leaue to say I haue no pith in me; vp-
on vm true Prince vpon vm.

An Alarum; Hoffman kneeles betweene the Armies.

Stilt. I thought twou'd come to that; I thought we shou'd bring
the false Prince on his knees.

1125 Ferd. What meanes my Dukedomes hope to turne thus base?
Arise, and smite thy foes.

Hoff. I see them not

My most honor'd vnkle; pittie I beseech
These silly people, that offend as babes,
Not vnderstanding, how they doe offend:

1130 And suffer me chiefe agent in this wrong,
To plead their pardons with a peacefull tongue.

Stilt.

F₂

1112 awfull Q. u. L. 1115 full and enough! L. 1120 rejoicing L. 1122 upon 'em L. 1126 Bühnenweisung: Sarlois für Hoffman. 1127 Most honour'd L. 1128 Those silly L.

- Stilt. We scorne pardons, Peace and pittie; wee'l
haue a Prince of our owne chusing, Prince Jerom.
- O. Stilt. I, I, Prince Jerom or no body; be not obstacle old
1135 Duke, let not your owne flesh and blood be inherited of
your Dukedome, and a stranger displac'd in his retority:
for and you doe, we will take no comparison of you and
your army, but fall vpon you like temperance and light-
ning.
- 1140 Ferd. Vpon your perill; gentlemen, assayle.
Hoff. If any bosome meete the brunt of war,
Mine shall be first oppos'd; these honest men
That rise in armes for my young Cozens right
Shall be Protected whils't Prince Charles can stand.
- 1145 Jer. Why see now what a thing Maiesty is;
Stilt and the rest of my good people; my couzen
Charles looking but in the face of our excellence
cannot choose but take our parte.
- Stilt. Nay but trust him not my Lord; take heed of him,
1150 aware your enemies at any hand.
- Ferd. Why should you make this intercession
For these base abiects, whose presumptuous hearts
Haue drawne their rebell bodies 'gainst their head:
Intreat not for them, they are all but dead.
- 1155 Hoff. Forbeare a little worthy Countrymen.
Stilt. Nay we deny that, we are none of your Countrymen;
you are an arrant arrant Alien.
- O. Stilt. Trueson a meere peregrination, and one that was not
borne within our Dukes damnation, and therefore not to
1160 be remitted to any vpstantiall degree of office amongst vs:
that's the fine, that's the confusion of all.
- Hoff. But heare mee.
Jer. I, I, pray heare him; nay I charge you all vpon paine
of death that you heare my cozen.
- 1165 Stilt. Well wee will heare him: come on, speake, what
will yee say?
Hoff. O I beseech you saue your liues and goods,
- For

1135 let nor Q. 1136 his territory L. 1144 Prince Otho stands
L. 1147 Otho, looking L. 1150 [be] aware, your enemies [are] at
hand! L. 1157 a vagrant, an arrant alien L. 1165 he Well wee
will are him Q. 1666 wlil yee Q.

- For the Dukes squadrons arm'd with wrath and death,
 Watch but the signall when to ceaze on you,
 1170 That can noe more with stand their approoued strengthes
 Then sparrowes can contend with tousing hawks:
 Or 'gainst the Eagles ayery:
 This act of yours by gathering to a head,
 Is treason capitall, and without grace
 1175 Your liues are forfeit to extreamest law.
 O. Stilt. Mas he saies true son; but what's the remedy?
 Stilt. None at all father, now wee are in, wee must goe
 through stitch.
 Hoff. Yes, there is remedy; cast your weapons downe,
 1180 And arme your selues with mercy of your Prince
 Who like a gracious shepheard ready stands
 To take his lost sheepe home in gentle hands.
 As for your Prince, I will for him intreat
 That he may be restor'd againe in loue,
 1185 And vnto offices of dignity,
 As eyther Taster, Sewer, Cupbearer,
 The place himselfe thinkes fittest for his state,
 And for my part when that vnhappy time
 Of Princely Ferdinands sad death shall, come:
 1190 Which moment:
 But should I as I say behold that houre,
 Although I am elected for your Prince,
 Yet would I not remoue this gentleman,
 But rather serue him as his counsellor.
 1195 Jer. Giue me your hand of that Cozen: well sayd, now
 get a pardon for mee, and my merry men all; and then let
 me be my fathers Taster, being the office belonging to his
 eldest sonne; I Being the same, and then you shall see mee
 behaue my selfe, not as a rebell, or reprobate, but as a most
 1200 reasonable Prince, and sufficient subiect.
 Stilt. Well since my Lord has sayd the word, bring that
 he spake of to passe and ye shall haue my word too, and old
 Stilt my fathers, being a man of good reproch I tell you,
 F₃ and

1170 strength L. 1186 sewer, taster [or], cupbearer L. 1190
 Which moment [long may righteous heav'n avert!] L. 1194 himas Q.
 1199 a reprobate L. 1202 of spake he Q.

and condemnation in his country.

1205 O. Stilt. I, that I am my Lord, I haue liu'd in name and shame
these threescore and seuen winters, all my neighbours can
beare me testament, and accord.

Hoff. Well, rest yee quiet, Soueraigne on my knees
I beg your Highnes graunt to there request:

1210 Suppose them silly, simple, and your owne;
To shed their blood were iust, yet rigorous,
The praise of Kings is to prooue gracious.

Ferd. True soule of honor, substance of my selfe,
Thy merit wins thee mercy, goe in peace,

1215 Lay by your vniust armes, liue by your sweate,
And in content the bread of quiet eate.

Om. God saue Duke Ferdinand.

Exeunt.

Jer. Father I pray, forgiue me, and my man,
And my mans father by our single selues;

1220 For we haue bin the capitall offenders.

O. Stilt. I truely my Lord, we rais'd the resurrection,

Ferd. I pardon all; giue thee my Tasters place:

Honor this Prince that hath thus won you grace.

O. Stilt. } God saue Duke Ferdinand, and Prince Otho.
Y. Stilt. }

1225 Jer. I and me too.

O. Stilt. And Prince Jerom too; well son, ile leaue thee
a Courtier still, and get mee home to my own desolation,
where ile labour to compell away excessity: and so fare yee
well.

Exit.

1230 Ferd. This busines ouer: worthy nephew Charles,
Let vs goe visit the sad Saxon Duke,
The mourning Hermet,
That through affection wrought his brothers fall.

Hoff. Ile wait your Highnes to that house of woe,

1235 Where sad mischance sits in a purple chayre,
And vnderneath her beetle cloudy browes
Smiles at vnlookt for mischiefes; oh there

Doth

1205 That I am L. 1209 highness to grant L. 1210 yet your
own L. 1214 their mercy L. 1218 Pray Father, Q. Father, forgive
me, prithee, L. 1223 thus hath L. 1228 fareyee Q. 1230 nephew
Otho L. 1232 hermet, [and poor prince Matthias] L.

Doth grieve vnprinted, in true shape appeare.

1240 Ferd. Shrill trumpets sound a flourish for the cries
Of war are drownd.

Exit.

Jer. Nay but cozen cozen. is't not necessary I wait
vpon my owne father? and Stilt vpon me?

Hoff. It's most expedient, be obsequious.

Noe doubt his excellence will like that well.

1245 Lor. Dieu vou guard Mounsieur.

Enter Lorri-
que like a
French
Doctor.

Hoff. Welcome my friend, has't any suit to me?

Lor. Away Mounsieur, if you be the grand Prince
legitimate of Prussia, I haue for tendre
to your Excellence de service of one poore
1250 Gentle home of Champagne.

Hoff. I am not he you looke for gentleman,
My cozen is the true and lawfull Prince.

Jer. I sir I am the legitimate, and am able to entertayne
a gentleman though I say't and he be of any quality:

1255 Hoff. Lorrique, now or neuer play thy part:
This Act is euen our Tragedies best hart.

Lor. Let me alone for plots, and villany,
Onely commend me to this foole the Prince.

Jer. I tell thee, I am the Prince, my cozen knowes it,
1260 That's my cozen, this is Stilt my man.

Lor. A vostree seruice Mounsieur most Genereux.

Hoff. Noe doubt he is some cunning gentleman
Your Grace may doe a deede befitting you
To entertaine this stranger.

1265 Jer. It shall be done cozen; ile talk with him a little
and follow you, goe, commend me to my father
tell him I am comming, and Stilt, and this stranger, bee
mindfull cozen, as you will answere to my Princely in-
dignation.

Hoff.

1241 i'st Q. 1244 kxcellence will lihe Q. 1247 Ah, oui,
monsieur! L. 1251 gentlemen R. 1255 [e'en] now, L.

1270 Hoff. Well sir, I will be carefull, neuer doubt;
 Now scarlet Mistris from thicke sable clouds
 Thrust forth thy blood-staind hands, applaud my plot,
 That giddy wonderers may amazed stand
 While death smytes downe suspectles Ferdinand. Exit.

1275 Stilt. Sweet Prince I scarce vnderstand this fellow well,
 but I like his conceit in not trusting Prince Otho; you must
 giue him the remoooue, that's flat.

Lor. I be, gar, hee be chose agen you, hee giue you good
 worde, so be dat, but he will haue one fisgig or dram, by gar
 1280 for companyon in principality be no possible.

Jer. Well, I apprehend thee, I haue a certaine Princely
 feeling in my selfe that he loues me not.

Stilt. Hold yee there my Lord, I am but a poore fellow
 and haue but a simple liuing left me; yet my brother were
 1285 he a very naturall brother of mine owne, shold hee bee
 adopted, I would dopt him, and herrite him, i'le fit him.

Jer. I but how Stilt, but how?

Lor. By gar my Lord, I will tell you fine knacks, for make
 him kicke vp his heeles, and cry wee, or be gar
 1290 I be hange, and so shall I be to, and for de grand loue I beare
 you, for de Lady Isabella's sake your most tres-excellent
 Lady moder.

Jer. Didst, thou know her French doctor? didst thou?

Stilt. I as beggars doe the Ladies that are their Almes-
 1295 giuers.

Lor. By gar you lye, like Iacknape, I loue de Lady
 with a boone coeur, and for her sake here take dis same, and
 dis same, put dis in de cup, where de competitor Prince
 Otho shall drinke; by gar it will poyson him brauely.

1300 Stilt. That were excellent my Lord, and it could be done,
 and noe body know on't.

Jer. I, but he alwaies drinkes in my Fathers cup.

Lor. I so let be, let de Duke drinke a de same.

Jer. What poyson my father? noe, I like not that so well
 Lor.

1273 wand'rers L. 1278 begar L. chosen L. he gives L.
 1279 so he doth; L. or dra Q. one physic or draught [for you], L.
 1280 company on in Q. company in L. 1286 dopted, Q. I'd fit him. L.
 1290 I'll be hang! L. 1294 Silt Q. 1296 Jackanape L. I loved L.
 1297 and dis same, fehlt L. 1303 so let it be L.

1305 Lor. You shall drinke too, and I too, and when wee bee sicke, as we shall haue a petit rumble in de belly: dan take a dis same, and giue your fadra dis: but your cozin none of it, and by gar noe body shall be dead, and kicka, and cry oh, but Otho.

1310 Stilt. That's excellent, master.

Jer. This is the poyson then, and this is the medicine?

Lor. I dat be true.

Jer. Well Physician, attend in my chamber heere, till Stilt and I returne; and if I pepper him not, say I am not worthy to be cald a Duke, but a draw latch.

1315

Stilt. Farewell awe, and iebbit a vow; and wee speede by thy practice, wee'l crush a cup of thine owne country wine.

Lor. Goe speede to spoyle your selues: Doctor lie there, 1320 Lorrique; like thy selfe appeare so now Ile post vnto the Hermitage, and smile While silly fooles act treason through my guile.

Exit.

Actus quartus.

Enter Ferdinand and Hoffman, open a curtaine: kneele Saxony, the Hermet and Mathias: tapers burning.

Hoff. See Princely vncle the blacke dormitory,
Where Austria and Prince Lodowick are layd
1325 On the cold bed of earth, where they must sleepe
Till earth and ayre, and sea consume by fire.

Ferd. Their rest be peace, their rising glorious;
[Sad] mourners, giue your partners leaue to kneele,
And make their offertorie on this tombe,
1330 That does containe the honourablest earth
That euer went vpright in Germany,

G

Sax.

1305 and he too L. and when you be L. 1306 (as you shall have L. 1308 kick L. 1313 Phisttian, atrend Q. Bühnenweisung: Enter Ferdinand and Sarlois, Q. taprs burning Q. 1326 Full Q Till. L. 1328 Das erste Wort (and?) fehlt Q. Sad. L.

Sax. Welcome Duke Ferdinand, come, come kneele, kneele,
Thus should each friend anothers sorrow feele.

Hoff. Is Lucibella in this monument?

1335 Rod. Noe, shee's recouer'd from deaths violence;
But through her woundes and grieve distract of sence.

Hoff. Heauen helpe her, here she comes:

Rod. Kneele still, I pray.

Enter Luci-
bella med.

Mat. Oh mee accurst! why liue I this blacke day?

1340 Luc. Oh, [oh] a sword, I pray you kill me not,
For I am going to the riuers side
To fetch white lillies, and blew daffodils
To sticke in Lodowicks bosome, where it bled,
And in mine owne; my true loue is not dead,
Noe y'are deceiud in him, my father is:

1345 Reason he should, he made me run away;
And Lodowick too, and you Mathias too;
Alacke for woe, yet what's the remedy?
We must run all awaye: yet all must dye.

'Tis soe, I wrought it in a sampler,
1350 'Twas heart in hand, and true loues knots and words,
All true stitch by my troth: the posie thus:
No flight deare loue but death, shall seuer vs;
Nor did that neyther; he lies here does he not?

Rod. Yes louely madam, pray be patient.

1355 Luc. I so I am, but pray [ye] tell me true,
Could you be patient, or you, or you, or you,
To loose a father and a husband too:
Yee could, I cannot; open, doore here hoe!
Tell Lodowick, Lucibell would speake with him;
1360 I haue newes from heauen for him, he must not dy,
I haue rob'd Prometheus of his moouing fire:
Open the dore; I must come in, and will,
Ile beate my selfe to ayre, but Ile come in.

Hoff.

1339 [oh] L. 1341 daffadils Q. 1347 whata Q. 1353 Nor that
did not neyther Q. Neither did that L. 1355 pray tell Q. pray
[you] L. 1356 or you zweimal L.

Hoff. Alas her tender hands smiting the stone
1365 Beweepe their mistris rage in teares of blood.

Ferd. Faire Lady be of comfort, t'is invaine
To inuocate the dead to life againe.

Sax. I gentle Daughter be content, I pray,
Their fate is come, and ours is not, far off.

1370 Mat. Here is a hand ouer my fate hath power
And I now sinke vnder the stroke of death,
But that a purer spirit fils my brest
And guides me from the footsteps of dispaire,

Hoff. A heauenly motion full of charity,
1375 Your selfe to kill you selfe were such a sinne
As most diuines hold deadly.

Luci. I but a knaue may kill one by a tricke,
Or lay a plot, or soe, or cog, or prate,
Make strife, make a mans father hang him [vp],
1380 Or his brother, how thinke you goodly Prince,
God giue you ioy of your adoption;
May not [such] trickes be vsd?

Hoff. Alas poore Lady.

Luci. I thats true, I am poore, and yet haue things,
And gold rings, and amidst the leaues greene a —
1385 Lord how dee, well I thanke god, why, thats well,
And you my Lord, and you too; neuer a one weepe,
Must I shed all the teares? when he is gone,
And he dwells here ye layd, ho i'le dwell with him,
Death, dastard, Diuell, robber of my life
1390 Thou base adulterer, that partst man and wife
Come I defie thy darts.

Ferd. O sweet forbear.
For pitties sake a while her rage restraine
Last she doe violence vpon herselfe.

Luci. O neuer feare me, there is somewhat cries
1395 Within me noe: tels mg there's knaues abroad

G₂

bids

1371 And I should sink L. 1375 to kill yourself L. 1379 [up] L.
1381 in [] L. 1382 [such] L. 1384 all amidst L. 1385 how d'ye? L.
1387 Well, he is gone. L. 1388 ye said? L. 1395 menoe Q.

- Bids mee quiet, lay me downe and sleepe
 Good night good gentlefolkes, brother your hand,
 And yours good father, you are my father now,
 Doe but stand here, i'le run a little course
 1400 At base, or barley-breake, or some such toye,
 To catch the fellow, and come backe againe,
 Nay looke thee now, let goe, or by my troth
 Ile tell my Lodowick how yee vse his loue:
 Soe now god-buye, [soe] now god-night indeede:
 1405 Lie further Lodowicke, take not all the roome,
 Be not a churle, thy Lucibell doth come. Exit
- Sax. Follow her brother, follow son Mathias,
 Be carefull guardians of the troubled mayd;
 While I conferre with Princely Ferdinand
 1410 About an embassie to Austria,
 With true reports of there disasterous haps.
- Mat. Well, I will bee her guardian and her guide,
 By me her sences haue bin weakned,
 But i'le contend with charitable paine,
 1415 To serue her, till they be restord againe. Exit.
- Hoff. A vertuous, noble resolution.
- Ferd. Worthy Prince Rodorigo, when tempestuous woe
 Abates her violent storme, I shall haue time
 To chide you for vnkindenes, that haue liu'd
 1420 In solitary life with vs so long.
 Beleue me Saxon Prince you did vs wrong:
- Rod. Would I might neuer liue in noe worse state;
 For contemplation is the path to heauen.
 My new conversing in the world is prou'd
 1425 Lucklesse and full of sorrow; fare-ye-well
 My heauen alone all company seemes hell. Exit.
- Ferd. My nephew call for wine my soule is dry
I am

1402 look you L. 1404 [so] now L. 1418 its violent L.
 1420 from us L. 1424 has provd L. 1426 Save heav'n L. 1427 neh-
 hew Q.

Enter Jerom
and Stilt, with
cup, towell,
and wine.

I am sad at sight of soe much misery.

Hoff. Is the Dukes taster there?

1430 Jer. I am at hand with my office.

Hoff. Fill for the Duke good cozen, tast it first.

Jer. I haue no minde to it Stilt, for all my antidote.

Stilt. I warrant you Master let Prince Otho drinke next,

Jer. Heere cozen, will you begin to my father?

1435 Hoff. I thanke you kindly, i'le not be so bold,
It is your office; fill vnto my Lord.

Jer. Well god be with it, it's gon downe, and now ile
send the medicine after; Father pray drinke to my cozen
for he is soe mannerly that hee'l not drinke before you.

1440 Stilt. Pray yee doe my Lord, for Prince Otho is best wor-
thy of all this company to drinke of that cup, which and
he doe, I hope he shall nere drinke more.

Ferd. Good fortune after all this sorrow Saxony.

Sax. O worthy Ferdinand, fortune and I

1445 Are parted, she has playd the minion with me,
Turn'd all her fauours into frownes, [and] in scorne
Rob'd mee of all my hopes, and in one houre
O're-turnd mee from the top of her proud wheele.

Ferd. Build not on fortune, shee's a fickle dame

1450 And those that trust vnto her spheare are fooles.
Fill for his Excellence.

Jer. Here cozen for your Excellence, pray drinke you to
the Duke of Saxony.

Hoff. Not I kind cozen, I list not to drinke.

1455 Jer. Gods Lady, I thinke Stilt, wee are all vndone, for I
feelee a iumbling worse and worse.

Stilt. O giue the Duke some of the medicine

Ferd. What medicine talk'st thou of? what ayles my son?

Jer. O Lord, father and yee meane to be a liues man take
1460 sume of this.

G₃

Ferd.

1436 offiice Q. 1439 so manner lyet hat Q. 1441 nach cup:
aside mit Tinte notirt. 1446 and in scorne Q. 1449 on one for-
tune Q. 1450 those who L. 1452 cousin, [is]. L. 1459 a live
man L.

Ferd. Why? this is deadly poyson vnprepar'd.

Jer. True, but it was prepar'd for you and mee by an excellent fellow, a french Doctor?

Stilt. I, he is one that had great care of you.

1465 Ferd. Villaine what was he? drinke not Saxony
I doubt I am by treason poyson'd.

Hoff. Heauen keepe that fortune from my dearest Lord.

Enter Lorrique hastily.

Lor. Treason ye Princes, treason to the liues
Of Ferdinand the Duke of Prussia

1470 My Princely master! Otho of Luningberg

Hoff. Who should intend vs treason?

Lor. This fond Prince.

Jer. Neuer to you Father, but to my cozen Charles;
indeede I meant to poyson him, but I haue pepperd my selfe.

1475 Hoff. I neuer gaue thee cause.

Stilt. That's nothing to the purpose, but my Lord took
occasion by the councell of a French Doctor.

Hoff. Physitians for the Duke, my vncle faints.

Stilt. Surgeons for the Prince, my master falls.

1480 Ferd. Call no Physitians, for I feel't too late,
The subtill poyson mingled with my blood
'Nums all the passages, and nimble death
Fleetes on his purple currents to my heart.

Jer. Father, I am dying too, oh now I departe,

1485 Be good to Stilt my man, he was accessary
to all this.

Stilt. I truely: was I sir therefore I hope you'le be good
to me, I helpt to mingle the poyson as the French Doctor,
and my master charged me.

1490 Ferd. What's that French Doctor?

Hoff. What's become of him?

Stilt. Wee left him in the court in my masters chamber.

1464 great cgre Q. 1467 my dread Lord Q. dearest L.
1469 Prussia (and) L. 1472 cousin Otho L. 1479 Stilts Q.
1481 mingling L. 1483 its purple L. 1490 Where's that L.

ber.

Jer. I sir woe [worth] him, farewell Stilt, farewell, father
I aske your pardon with repentant eyes;

1495 Fall stars, O Stilt, for thus thy master dyes. moritur.

Ferd. Take hence that murderer the foole his man.

Stilt. I pray prouide for me sir;

Ferd. Let him be tortur'd, then vpon a wheele
Broke like a traytor and a murderer.

1500 Stilt. O lord sir: I meant you noe hurt, but to Prince Charles
Hoff. Away, disturbe vs not with idle talke.

Stilt. Prouide quoth a and you call this prouiding, pray
leet mee, prouide for my selfe, alas my poore father, hee'le
creepe vppon crutches into his graue when, he heares his

1505 Proper'st Stilt is cut off by the stumpes.

Ferd. Hence with that fellow.

Stilt. Pray, not soe hasty, you would scarce bee
soe forward, and you were going as I am, to the gal-
lowes.

Exeuntguard
with Stilt.

1510 Hoff. How cheares my royall vncle?

Ferd. Like a ship

That hauing long contended with the waues,
At last with one proud billow is smit [down]
Into the ruthlesse swallow of the sea.

1515 For thee as I perceiue, this plot was layde;
But heauen had greater mercy on thy youth,
And on my people, that shall finde true rest
Being with a Prince so wise and vertuous blest.

1520 Farewell most noble John of Saxony,
Beare thy vnmatched griefe with a minde bent
Against the force of all temptations;
By my example Princely brother, see,
How vaine our liues and all our glories bee.

Sax. God for thy mercy! treason vpon treason,

How

1493 fathers Q. 1493 worth Q u. L. 1495 Bühnenweisung:
mortiur Q. 1496 hence that maytor for the foole Q. Take hence
the traitor, and the fool L. 1500 Otho L. 1505 proper Stilt L.
1512 is at last Q. [down] L. 1514 For thee alas Q. 1516 one
my Q. 1519 vnmat ched Q.

How now yong Otho what, art thou poyson'd too?

1525 Hoff. Would God I were, but my sad starrs reserue
This simple building for extremer ruine:
On that French doctor.

Lor. I that worst of hell.
Noe torment shall content vs in his death.

1530 Sax. Nay soft and faire, let him be taken first;
How now sad brother, are you come to see
This Tragicke end of worthy Ferdinand?

Enter Rodo-
rigo.

Rod. I heard of it too soone, and come too late.

Sax. Well brother leaue the Duke, and waite on mee;
Mathias, and the heartgreiu'd Lucibell
1535 Shall goe with vs to Wittenberg, and shun
That fatall land fild with destruction.

Rod. But Lucibella like a chased hinde
Flys through the thickets, and neglects the bryers,
After her runs your Princely son Mathias,
1540 As much disturbd, though not so much distract,
Vowing to follow, and if he can,
Defend her from despairing actions.

Sax. And we will follow them, Prince Otho adue
Care goes with vs, yet we leaue griefe with you,
1545 Interre your vncle, punish traytours crims,
Looke to your persons these are dangerous times,

Exit Saxony
and
Rodorigo.

Hoff. Lords take this body, beare it to the court,
And all the way sound a sad heauy march,
Which you may truly keepe,
1550 A mournfull march indeed, when kings are dead.
Goe on afore, ile stay awhile, and weepe
My tributary teares paid on the ground
Where my true ioy your Prince my vncle fell:

Ile

1524 what fehlt L. 1532 and came L. 1536 this fatal
land L. 1546 time Q. person L.

- 1555 Ile follow to driue from you all distresse
And comfort you, though I be comfortles.
Art not thou plumpt with laughter my Lorrique,
Lor. All this [is] excellent, but worthy Lord,
There is an accident this instant chanc'st
Able to ouerthrow in one poore howre
1560 As well your hopes as these assurances.
Hoff. What's that Lorrique? what can fortune doe
That may diuert my traine of pollicy.
Lor. You know all Prussia take you for the son
Of beautious Martha,
1565 Hoff. I they suppose me to be Otho her son,
And son to that false Duke whom I will kill
Or curse my stars
Lor. His star is sunke already, death and he
Haue vowed an endlesse league of amity.
1570 Hoff. Had I Briareus hands, i'de striue with heauen
For executing wrath before the houre,
But wishes are in vaine, hee's gone.
- Exeunt with
the body. A
march.
- Flourish.
- Enter as many as may be spar'd, with lights, and make
a lane kneeling while Martha the Dutchesse like a
mourner with her traine passeth through.*
- Mar. Our son is somewhat slacke as we conceiue
By this delaying, while our heart is fear'd,
1575 And our eyes dim'd with expectation
As are the lights of such as on the beach
With many a longing, yet a little prooffe
Stand wayting the returne of those they loue.
Lord. His Excellence no doubt hath great affaires,
1580 But his familiar friend Lorrique is come.
- Enter Lorri-
que, fals on's
knees.

Mar.

H

1556 Art thou not L. 1557 [is] L. 1560 assurance Q. 1562
my my Q. 1562 straine Q. 1563 takes L. 1577 yet with little L.

- Mar. Kneele not Lorrique, I prethee glad my hearte
 With thy tongues true report of my son Otho,
 Whom since his Princely Father is deceas't
 I am come from [Luneberge] opprest with griefe
 1585 In person to salute him for our Duke.
- Lor. Your mother like affection, and high care,
 His Highnes doth returne with duteous thankes
 Desiring pardon of your excellence,
 In that he did not first salute your grace:
 1590 But dismall accidents and bloody deeds,
 Poysonings, treasons, soe disturbe this state
 Chiefly this gentle mind since the late death
 Of your right princely brother Ferdinand
 That like the carefull Captaine of a band
 1595 He is compeld to bee the last in field;
 Yet he protests by me, and I for him:
 That no soft rest shall enter his greeu'd eyes
 Till he behold your presence, more desir'd
 Then the large Empire of the wide earth;
 1600 Onely he prayes that you would take your rest
 For in your soft content his heart is blest.
- Mar. Spread me a Carpet on the humble earth:
 My hand shall be the pillow to my head,
 This step my bolster, and this place my bed.
- 1605 Lor. Your Highnes will take harme.
 Mar. Nay, neuer feare.
 A heart with sorrow fild sleepes any where,
 Will our son come to night?
- Lor. Madam hee will.
- Mar. See our traine lodgd, and then Lorrique attend
 For captaine of the guard; that wayt on vs,
 1610 Goe all away, no body stay with mee
 Except our son, come if we chaunce to call,
 Trouble vs not, god night vnto you all.
- All with doing duty depart, and she sits downe hauing
 a candle by her, and reades.*

Quo

1584 [Luneberg] L. 1591 Poysoning streasons Q. 1592 And
 grieve his gentle L. 1599 empery L. 1609 [Ye] that whait L.
 1611 come, or we chance L.

*Quo fugiat mortale genus? nil denique tutum est,
Crudelis nam mors omnia falce secat.*

1615 *Nil durum, nil non mortis penetrabile telis,
Omnia vi demit mors violenta sua.*

Tis true, the wise, the foole, the rich, the poore
The fayre, and the deformed fall; their life turnes ayre:
The King and Captaine are in this alike,
1620 None hath free hold of life, but they are still
When death heauens steward comes, tennents at will.
I lay me downe, and rest in thee my trust,
If I wake neuer more, till all flesh rise
I sleepe a happy sleepe, sin in me dyes.

1625 Hoff. Art sure she is a sleepe?

Enter Hoff-
man, and
Lorrique.

Lor. I cannot tell,
Be not too hasty.

Hoff. She stirs not, shee is fast.
Sleepe sweet fayre Dutchesse, for thou sleep'st thy last:
Endymions loue, muffle in cloudes thy face,
And all ye yellow tapers of the heauen
1630 Vayle your cleare brightnes in Ciamerian mistes;
Let not one light my blacke deed beautify:
For with one stroake vertue and honour dyes.
And yet we must not kill her in this kind:

1635 Weapons draw blood, blood shed will plainely prooue
The worthy Dutchesse, worthles of this death,
Was murderd, and the guard are witnesses,
Non enter'd but our selues.

Lor. Then strangle her, here is a towell fit.

1640 Hoff. Good: Kneele and helpe, compasse her necke about,
Alas poore Lady thou sleep'st here secure
And neuer dream'st of what thou shalt endure.

Lor. Nay, good my Lord dispatch.

Hoff. What ruthlesse hinde
Shall I wrong nature [that] did ne're compose

H₂

One

1616 vio lenta Q. 1629 heavens C. 1630 Cimmerian L. mstis Q.
1631 deed beautiste: Q. 1632 die L. 1635 her death C. 1636
guards L. 1638 towel, sir L. u. C. 1643 that fehlt in Q. (L)

One of her sexe so perfect? prethee stay,
 1645 Suppose we kill her thus about her necke,
 Circles of purple blood will change the hue
 Of this white porphirie and the red lines
 Mixt with a deadly blacke, will tell the world
 She dyed by violence, then 'twill be inquir'd
 1650 And we held euer hatefull for the act.

Lor. Then place beneath her nostrils this small box
 Conteyning such a powder that hath power,
 Being set on fire to suffocate each sence
 Without the sight of wound, or shew of wrong.

1655 Hoff. That's excellent, fetch fire, or doe not, stay:
 The candle shall suffice, yet that burnes dim;
 And drops his waxen teares as if it mourn'd
 To be an agent in a deed so darke.

Lor. Will you confound your selfe by dotage speake,
 1660 S' wounds ile confound her, and shee linger thus.

Hoff. Thou wert as good, and better, — note my words:
 Run vnto the top of a dreadfull scarre,
 And thence fall headlong on the vnder rocks,
 Or set thy brest against a cannon fir'd,
 1665 When iron death flies thence on flaming wings,
 Or with thy shoulders, Atlas like attempt,
 To beare the ruines of a falling tower,
 Or swim the Ocean; or run quicke to hell;
 (As dead assure thy selfe no better place)
 1670 Then once looke frowning on this angells face
 Confound her? blacke confusion be my graue
 Whisper one such word more, thou dyest base slaue.

Lor. I haue done, ile honour her if you command.

Hoff. She stirs, and when she wakes obserue me well,
 1675 Sooth vp whatere, I say, touching Prince Otho.

Mar. Prince Otho, is our son come? who's there Lorrique?

Lor. What shall I answere her?

Mar. Whose that thou talkst with?
 Hoff.

1652 as hath L. 1657 its waxen L. 1660 an we linger L.
 1662 [some] dreadful L.

Hoff. The most indebted seruant to your Grace
Of any creature vnderneath the Moone.

1680 Mar. I prethee friend be briefe, what is thy name?
I know thee not, what businesse hast thou here?
Art thou a messenger come from our son?
If so acquaint vs with the newes thou bring'st.

Hoff. I saw your Highnes son, Lorrique here knowes,
1685 The last of any liuing.

Mar. [Liuing?] Heauen helpe,
I trust my son has no commerce with death.

Hoff. Your son noe doubt is well, in blessed state.

Mar. My heart is smitten through thy answere, Lorrique,
Where is thy gracious Lord?

Lor. In heauen I hope.

1690 Hoff. True madam, he did perish in the wracke
When he came first by sea from Lubecke hauen.

Mar. What false impostor then hath mock'd my care?
Abus'd my Princely brother Ferdinand?
Gotten his Dukedome in my dead sons name?

1695 Hoff. I grant him an impostor, therein false
But when your Highnes heares the circumstance,
I know your wisdom and meeke piety
Will Iudge him well deseruing in your eyes:

Mar. What can be sayd now I haue lost my son?

1700 Or how can this base two-tongu'd hypocrite
Excuse concealing of his masters death.
Vnhappy Martha, in thy age vndone,
Robd of a husband, cheated of a son.

Hoff. Heare me with patience for that pitties sake

1705 You shewed my captiue body, by the teares
You shed, when my poore father dragd to death
Indur'd all violence at theyr hands:
By all the mercies powrd on him and me
That like coole rayne somewhat allayed the heate

1710 Of our sad torment and red sufferings;
Here me but speake a little to repay

H₃

with

1685 The last of any, living. Living? heav'n help(me)! L.
1703 husban'd Q. Robb'd of a father L. 1707 Endurèd all [that]
violence L. 1708 by all your mercies L. 1710 torments L.

With gratitude the fauours I receiu'd.

Mar. Art thou the lucklesse son of that sad man

[The] Lord of Burtholme some time Admirall?

1715 Hoff. I was his onely son, whom you set free,

Therefore submissiuely I kneele and craue,

You would with patience heare your seruant speake;

Mar. Be briefe, my swolne heart is at poynt to breake.

Hoff. I stood vpon the top of the high scarre,

1720 Where I beheld the splitted ship let in

Deuouring ruine in the shape of waues,

Some got on Rafts, but were as soone cast off

As they weare seated; many strid the mast,

But the seas working was soe violent,

1725 That nothing could preserue them from their fury,

They died and were intombd in the deepe.

Except some two the surges washt a shore

Prince Charles being one, who on Lorriques backe

Hung with claspt hands, that neuer could vnfold,

1730 Mar. Why not as well as Lorrique he doth liue,

Or how was he found claspt vpon his backe

Except he had had life to fold his hands.

Hoff. Madam, your Highnes errs in that conceite,

For men that dye by drowning, in their death,

1735 Hold surely what they claspe, while they haue breath.

Lor. Well he held mee, and sunke me too.

Hoff. Ile witnes, when I had recouerd him,

The Princes head being split against a Rocke

Past all recouer, Lorrique in desperate rage,

1740 Sought sundry meanes to spoyle his new-gain'd life,

Exclaiming for his master: cursing heauen,

For being vniust to you, though not to him,

For robbing you of comfort in your son:

Oh gracious Lady sayd this griued man

1745 Could I but worke a meanes to calme her griefe,

Some reasonable course to keepe blacke care

From her white bosome; I were happy then;

But

1714 [The] L. Bornholm L. 1715 I am L. 1720 When I L.
 1723 many strode L. 1726 They did. Q. 1728 Prince Otho L.
 1729 wich claspt Q. 1730 as he Lorrique Q. 1731 And how L.
 1736 [Full] well, he held me, and [he] sunk me too. L. 1739 re-
 cov'ry L. 1745 to cald me her. Q. calm L.

- But knowing this, her heart will sinke with woe
And I am rank't with miserablest men,
- 1750 Lor. I gods my witnesse, these were my laments
Till Hoffmann being as willing, as my selfe;
Did for his loue to you, that pittied him,
Take on him to be cald by your sons name,
Which now he must refuse except your Grace
- 1755 Accept his seruice in Prince Otho's place,
Mar. If this that you protest be true, your care
Was like a long reprieue, the date worne out;
The execution of my woe is come,
And I must suffer it with patience:
- 1760 Where haue you layd the body of my son?
Hoff. Within the chappell of an hermitage,
Some halfe a myle hence.
- Mar. Ile build me there a Cell,
Made like a tombe till death therein ile dwell:
Yet for thy wrongs yong man attend my words
- 1765 Since neyther Ferdinand, nor Luneberg,
Haue any heires, to sway their seuerall states;
Ile worke what lies in me to make thee Duke,
And since thou art accepted for my son,
Attempting it onely to doe me good,
- 1770 I here adopt thee myne, christen thee Otho,
Mine eyes are now the font, the water teares,
That doe baptize thee in thy borrowed name.
- Hoff. I thanke your Highnes, and of iust heauen craue
The ground I wrong you in, may turne my graue.
- 1775 Mar. Light's to our chamber, now our feares are past,
What we long doubted, is prou'd true at last.
Attend vs sonne.
- Hoff. Wee'l wait vpon your Grace.
Son, this is somewhat, this will bleare the eyes
Of the rude vulgar, but this serues not me;
- 1780 Dukedomes I will haue them, my sword shall win,

Exeunt
Martha and
Lorrique.

if

1751 being willing L. 1752 love for you L. 1755 Attept Q.
1761 a hermitage L. 1762 half mile L. 1765 Sice Q. Ferdinand,
nor Saxony Q. L.: Luneberg. 1770 thee myme Q. mine L.
1778 beare Q. blear L.

1785 If any interposer crosse my will,
 But new made mother, ther's another fire
 Burnes in this liuer lust, and hot desire,
 Which you must quench; must? I and shall; I know
 Women will like how euer they say noe;
 And since my heart is knit vnto her eyes
 If she, being sanctimonious, hate my suit,
 In loue this course ile take, if she denie;
 Force her: true, soe: *si non blanditiis, vi.*

Exit.

Actus quintus.

Enter Saxony, Rodorique, Mathias: seuerally.

1790 Mat. Haue you not found her yet?

Sax.

Not I,

Rod.

Nor I.

Mat. Then I beleeeue borne by her fits of rage
 She has done violence to her bright frame,
 And falne vpon the bosome of the Balt.

Sax. What reason leads yee to beleeeue it, son?

1795 Mat. I did perceiue her some halfe houre since
 Clambring vpon the steepeenes of the rocke,
 But whether vp or downe I could not guesse
 By reason of the distance.

Rod.

Stand aside,

She comes, [she comes,] let her not scape vs now.

1800 Sax. What has shee got apparrell? I and rich,
 Poore soule, shee in her idle lunacy
 Hath tooke it from some house where t'will be mist.

Mat. Let circle her about, least spying vs
 She run away with wonted nimblenesse,

Fairest

Enter Luci-
 bella with
 rich clothes,

1792 ha's Q. bright fame Q. bright form L. 1799 she comes
 einmal Q.

1805 Fayrest well met.

Luc.

Well ouertaken sir.

Sax. What haue ye here?

Luc.

And you too heartely.

Rod. Jam sure, you know.

Luc.

Why thats' well, I like that,

That you are well and you, and you: god buye.

Sax. Nay, nay you must not goe, wee'l hold you now.

1810 Luc. Why that's well done, Pray come, see my house

I haue a fine house now, and goodly knacks

And gay apparrell; looke ye here, this is braue;

Aud two leane porters staru'd for lacke of meat,

Pray let goe mine armes, looke here they bee.

1815 Om. Oh horrid sight?

Luc.

Nay, neuer start I pray;

Is it not like I keepe a princely house,

When I haue such fat porters at my gate;

Sax. What should this meane? why in this wood

So thicke, so solitary, and remote

1820 From common road of men, should these hang thus?

Brother your Hermitage is not far hence,

When knew you any execution here?

Rod. I neuer knew any, and these bones are greene

This lesse anatomy hath not hung long

1825 The bigger, by the mosse and drynes seemes

Of more continuance.

Mat.

What's on there heads?

Luc. Why golden Crownes, my porters shall bee Kings.

And hide there barebones with these gay weeds.

Sax. I doe remember the Admirall

1830 Hoffman, that kept the Iland of Burtholme

Was by the Duke of Prussia adiudg'd

To haue his head sear'd with a burning crowne,

And after made a bare Anatomy,

Which by his son was from the gallowes stolne;

1835 Luc. I, that same son of his, but where liues he

Sax. No doubt, he doth possesse some caue hard by.

I

Luc.

1807 know [me]! L. [Ay!] -why L. 1810 come [and] L. 1826 continuance Q. 1829 Sax. Q. 1830 Bornholme L.

Luc. Come, goe with me, ile shew you where he dwels,
Or some body; I know not who it is;

Here, looke, looke here, here is a way goes downe,

1840 Downe, downe a downe, hey downe, downe.

I sung that song, while Lodowicke slept with me

Rod. This is some caue, let's boldly enter in,

And learne the mistery of that sad sight,

Come Lady, guide vs in, you know the way.

1845 Luc. True, that's the way, you cannot misse the path;

The way to death and black destruction

Is the wide way; no body is now at home,

Or tarry, peraduenture here comes some

Will tell you more.

Enter Martha, and Lorrique:

Mat.

Stand close, this is Lorrique,

1850 I doe not know the Lady comes with him.

Sax. I ha' seene that countenance.

Rod.

Stand close, I pray,

My heart diuines, some strange and horrid act

Will be reueald.

Luc.

Nay that's most true,

A fellow with a red cap told me so

1855 And bad me keepe these cloathes, and giue them

To a faire Lady in a mourning gowne;

Let goe my armes; I will not run away

I thanke you now, now you shall see mee stay,

By my troth I will, by my maidenhead I will.

1860 Mar. Lorrique returne into the beaten path,

I ask't thee for a solitary plot,

And thou hast brought me to the dismal'st groue

That euer eye beheld, noe woodnimphes here

Seeke with their agill steps to outstrip the Roe,

1865 Nor doth the sun sucke from the queachy plot

The ranknes and the venom of the Earth

It seemes frequentlesse for the vse of men:

Some basiliskes, or poysonous serpents den!

Lor.

1865 this queachy L.

- Lor. It is indeede an vndelightfull walke;
 1870 But if I doe not erre in my beleefe,
 I thinke the ground, the trees, the rockes, the springs,
 Haue since my Princely Master Charles his wracke
 Appear'd more dismall, then they did before,
 In memory of his vntimely fall.
 1875 For hereabouts, [I] hereabouts the place,
 Where his fayre body lay deform'd by death
 Here Hoffmans son, and I enbalm'd him
 After we had concluded to deceaue
 Your sacred person, and Duke Ferdinand
 1880 By causing Hoffman to assume his name.
 Sax. This is very strange.
 Luc. Nay tarry, you shall heare
 All the knauery anon.
 Mar. And where's the Chappell that you layd him in
 Lor. Its' an old Chappell, neere the Hermitage.
 1885 Mar. But was the Hermet at his buriall?
 Lor. Noe, Hoffman and I onely dig'd the graue
 Play'd Priest and Clarke, to keepe his buriall close?
 Rod. Most admirable!
 Sax. Nay, pray you peace.
 Mar. Alas! poore son, the soule of my delights;
 1890 Thou in thy end wert rob'd of Funerall rites,
 Non sung thy requiem, noe friend clos'd thine eyes,
 Nor layd the hallowed earth vpon thy lips,
 Thou wert not houseled, neither did the bells
 Ring blessed peales, nor towle thy funerall knell,
 1895 Thou wentst to death, as those that sinke to hell;
 Where is the apparrell that I bad him weare
 Against the force of witches and their spells.
 Lor. We buried it with him, it was his shroude,
 The desert woods noe fitter meanes allowd.
 1900 Luc. I think he lyes.
 Now by my troth, that gentleman smels knaue.
 Mar. Sweare one thing to me, ere we leaue this place;
 I₂ wether

1872 master Otho's L. 1874 untimely Q. u. L. 1875 [ay] L.
 fehlt in Q. 1881 'Tis very, L. 1884 I'ts. R. 1888 [I] pray L.

Whether young Hoffman did the most he might
To saue my son.

1905 Lor. By heauen it seemes hee did, but all was vaine
The flinty rockes had cut his tender scull,
And the rough water wash't away his braine.

Luc. Lyer, lyer, licke dish.

Mar. How now what woman's this? what men are these?

1910 Luc. A poore mayden mistris, has a suite to you,
And 'tis a good suite, very good apparrell.

*Loe, heere I come a woing my ding, ding,
Loe, heere we come a suing, my darling,
Loe, heere I come a praying, to bide a, bide a.*

1915 How doe you Lady, well I thanke God, will
You by a bargane, pray, it's fine apparrell.

Mar. Run my liues blood, comfort my troubled heart,
That trembles at the sight of this attire:
Lorrique, looke on them, knowest thou not these clothes?

1920 Not the distracted bringer? prethee speake?

Lor. Ay me, accurst and damn'd; I know them both;
The bringer is the Austrian Lucibell:

Luc. I, you say true, I am the very same,

Lor. The apparrell was my Lords, your Princely son's.

1925 Mar. This is not sea wet, if my son were drown'd
Then why thus dry is his apparrell found?

Lor. O me accurst, o miserable me?

Fall heauen, and hide my shame, gape earth, rise sea,
Swallow, orewhelme me, wherefore should I liue,

1930 The most perfidious wretch that euer breath'd,
And base consenter to my deare Lords death.

Luc. Nay, looke you heere, do you see these poore staru'd ghosts;
Can you tell whose they be?

Mar. Alas! what are they? what are you that seeme

1935 In ciuill habits to hide ruthlesse hearts;
Lorrique, what are they? what wilt thou attempt?

Helpe

1914 bide — abide — a L. 1915 a bargane i pray. Q.
1921 Ah me L.

Helpe Gentlemen, if yee be Gentlemen,
And stay this fellow from dispayring ill.

1940 Lor. I was ordain'd vnto perdition, stay me not;
For when yee know the mischiefes I haue done,
(At least, consented to, through coward feare)
You would not stop me, if I skipt in quicke
To that blacke, bottomlesse and ruthlesse, gulph,
Where euerlasting sorrowes like linkt chaynes
1945 Fetter the wretched in eternall night.

Mar. What hast thou done?

Luc. Knauery I warrant you,
Tell truth and shame the Diuell my boy, doe,
And thou [shalt] haue a fine thing by and by.

Sax. I take your Highnes for that reuerend Dutches
1950 Late wife vnto the Duke of Luneberg.

Mar. I am the wretched childlesse widdow sir.

Lor. Princesse heare me, and I will briefly tell
How you came childlesse, you brotherlesse,
You husbandlesse, and fatherlesse, all, all,
1955 Ile tell you, hauing ended, act my fall.

Mat. Well, forward.

Lor. Be it soe,
I haue deseru'd a greater cruelty,
To bee kept liuing when I long to dye.

Mar. I charge thee setting by all circumstance,
1960 Thou vtter what thou knowest: my heart is steele,
Nor can it suffer more then it doth feele.

Lor. Then thus, Prince Charles and I escap't the wracke,
Came safe a shore to this accursed plot,
Where we met Hoffman, who vpon yon tree
1965 Preseru'd his fathers bare anatomy,
The biggest of them two were those strong bones
That acted mighty deeds.

Hoffman the son full of reuenge and hate,
'Gainst euery hand that wrought his fathers hurt,
1970 Yet guiled ore his enuie with faire shewes,
And entertain'd vs with as friendly termes,

I₃

As

1939 [Oh], stay L. 1942 slipp'd L. 1944 sorrow L. 1945 fet-
ters L. 1948 thou have Q.; thou shalt have L. 1950 Prussia für
Luneberg Q. 1952 Princes, L. 1953 childless, [and] L. 1957 the
greatest L. 1962 Otho L. 1966 the two L.

- As falshood could inuent; and 'tis well knowne:
 Bitter deceit vseth the sweetest speech.
 At length he tooke aduantage, bound my Lord,
 1975 And in a chayne tyed him to yonder rocke,
 While with a burning Crowne he seard in twaine
 The purple Veynes, strong sinewes, arteries, nerues,
 And euery cartilage about the head,
 In which sad torment the mild Prince fell dead.
 1980 Mar. Did Hoffman this? and thou conceal'st the deed?
 Lor. Pardon my feare, Dread Madam.
 Mar. Well, goe on,
 I am confident to heare all cruelty,
 And am resolu'd to act some, if noe hand
 Will else attempt the murderers end, but mine.
 1985 Lor. Be patient; you will finde associates:
 For there are many murders more behinde.
 Mar. What did hee with the body of my son?
 Lor. Buried the flesh, the bones are they that hang
 Close by his fathers.
 Mar. Let them hang a while.
 1990 Hope of reuenge in wrath doth make mee smile.
 Luc. Pray let him tell the rest.
 Lor. This acted, Hoffman forc't me to conceale
 The murder of my Lord, and threatned more
 Then death by many torments, till I swore
 1995 To call him Otho, and say he was your son:
 I swore and kept my oath.
 Rod. O Heauen.
 Sax. O Diuell.
 Luc. Nay, I pray you peace.
 Lor. Then sent he me for you, and you he sent,
 Or as I best remember, lead you on
 2000 Vnto the Chappell porch, where hee himselfe
 Appointed them to stay, and there you know
 What hapned in your wrath.
 Luc. To me a sleepe,
 And to my harmelesse Lodowick in my armes.
 Mat.

Mat. On, on,
 That deed is writ among the acts of guilt:
 2005 A brothers sword a brothers life blood spilt.
 Sax. Proceed, what's next? kild he not Austria?
 Lor. He did.
 Luc. O villaine did he kill my Father?
 And make my brother kill my husband too?
 Sax. Goe forward.
 Lor. After all those hated murders
 2010 He taught the foolish prince in the disguise
 Of a French Doctor to prepare a poyson,
 Which was the death of Princely Ferdinand:
 Next plot hee purpos'd your graces death,
 And had [I not] opposd my strength of teares,
 2015 You had bin murder'd as you lay a sleepe.
 Sax. Let's heare no more, seeke out the hated wretch,
 And with due torture let his life be forc'd
 From his despised body.
 Rod. Doe I pray.
 Sax. All the Land will helpe,
 2020 And each man be a iustice in this act.
 Mar. Well, I that neuer knew reuenges power,
 Haue entertaind her newly in my brest:
 Determine what's to doe.
 Luc. Euen what you will;
 Would I were with my Lodowick a sleepe
 2025 In the Elizian fieldes, where no feares dwell;
 For earth appeares as vile to me as hell.
 Lor. Let me be Prologue to your scene of wrath,
 And as the Romane Cateline resolu'd
 His doubtfull followers by exhausting blood
 2030 From the liue body, so draw mine, cast mine
 Vpon the troubled and offended earth;
 [Offer] blood fit for an infernall sacrifice,
 Wine is not powr'd but on celestiall offerings:
 [And] therefore I aduise you as you hope
 2035 To thriue in your reuenge, smite me. That

2010 I taught. C. 2014 had opposd Q. I not L. my strength
 of my teares Q. 2021 [Sure] all L. 2030 From a live L. 2032 Offer Q.
 2034 [And] fehlt Q. u. L. I [do] advise L.

That haue bin pander to this iniury.

Mar. Thou merit'st death indeede.

Mat. Stay iudge him not,

Let me a little plead in his excuse,

And this one sentence serues; a man compel'd

2040 To euill acts, cannot be iustly held

A wilfull malefactor; the law still

Lookes on the deede, ne're vpon the will:

Besides although I grant the matter small

And very safe to rayse a multitude,

2045 That by their power might ceaze the murderer,

Yet two especiall reasons crosse that course:

First: many hauing notice ef our plot,

One babling tongue may vtter our intent,

And Hoffman being warn'd is surely arm'd

2050 Hauing the fort and treasure in his powre,

And be his cause more then notorious ill,

He may with gold maintaine it at his will

Scape vs, for no doubt hee's full of sleights:

Besides, Reuenge should haue proportion,

2055 By slye deceit he acted euery wronge,

And by deceit I would haue him intrapt;

Then the reuenge were fit, iust, and square,

And t' would more vex him that is all compos'd

Of craft and subtilty to be outstript

2060 In his owne fashion, then a hundred deaths.

Therefore by my aduice pardon Lorrique

Vpon condition, that he lay some plot

To intercept the other.

Om. We are agreede.

Lor. Your mercy doth all bounds of hope exceed,

2065 And if you will repose that trust in me,

By all the protestations truth can make,

Before the Sun haue run his mid-dayes course,

I will to morrow yeeld him to your handes.

Sax. Shew vs the meanes.

Lor.

2039 manaompel'd Q. 2042 vpon the deede. on the will Q. on
the deed, and never on L. 2048 out intent Q. 2049 being arm'd,
is surely warn'd L. 2051 course für cause L. 2057 fit[ting] L.
2067 sun hath L.

2070 Lor. The meanes is in the Dutchesse pollicy.

If she can smooth the murder but a while.

Mar. Ile turn deceit to ouerthrow his fraud.

Lor. Then with faire words his flatteries entertayne,
And when he doth importune you for loue,

2075 Desire him first to shew you the first place,
Where he beheld Prince Charles after the wracke

Say you haue earnestly entreated me,

But I haue lead you in a labyrinth

To noe effect; he full of heate and lust,

2080 Glad of occasion will no doubt alone

Conduct you to his fatall horrid caue,

Thinking by force, or fayre meanes, to attaine

His false hearts longing, and your honors stayne;

But being in the height of his base pride,

2085 The Duke, the Hermet, Mathias, and my selfe,

Will change his pleasures into wretched and

Redeemelesse misery.

Sax. The plot is good, Madam, are you agreed?

Mar. To any thing how euer desperate.

2090 Luc. I but by your leaue, Lady, and Lords all, what if

This knaue that has bin, play the knaue still,

And tell tales out of schoole; how then?

Lor. I know not what to sweare by; but noe soule

Longs for the sight of endlesse happinesse,

2095 With more desire, then mine thirsts for his death:

By all the gods that shall giue ill men life,

I am resolu'd chiefe agent in his end.

Mat. We credit thee, ioyne hands, and ring him round,

Kneele, on his head lay our right hands, and sweare

2100 Vengeance against Hoffman.

Om. Vengeance, vengeance, fall

On him, or suddaine death vpon vs all.

Sax. Come, part, we to the caue,

You to the Court: Iustice dig murthers graue.

K

Exit.

2070 means are L. 2071 murd'rer L. 2075 him then für
first L. 2076 Prince Otho L. 2079 of noe effect Q., to L.
2085 Lodowick für Mathias Q. 2103 digs L.

Luc. Nay, ile come, my wits are mine agen
 2105 Now faith growes firme to punish faithlesse men.

Exit Lorri-
 que and
 Martha.

Exeunt.

*Enter Hoffman, and all the traine that attended the
 Dutchesse first.*

Hoff. Not to be found? hell which way is she gon?

Lord. Her Highnes charg'd vs to call you her son,
 The mistery we know not, but we know,
 You are not Princely Otho of Luningberg.

2110 Hoff. Noe matter what I am; tell me the way
 She went with that Lorrique; speake, or by heauen
 Hell shall receiue you all.

Enter Martha
 and Lorri-
 que.

Lord. Be not inrag'd.
 She comes, and with her comes trusty Lorrique.

Hoff. Madam, I fear'd you, and my heart was sicke,
 2115 With doubt some ouer-desperate accident
 Had drawne you to the melancholy pathes,
 That lye within the verge of this rough scarre.

Mar. Your doubt was but an Embrio; I indeed
 Desir'd Lorrique to bring me to the place
 2120 Where you beheld the shipwracke of my son;
 And he hath led me vp and downe the wood,
 But neuer brought me to the fatall beach,

Hoff. It were not fit you should see the sad place,
 That still seemes dismall since the Princes death.

2125 Lord. Dead? is our soueraigne Lord the Prince dead?

Mar. Inquire no more of that, I will anon
 Resolue you of his fate, this time forbear,
 Esteeme this gentleman your Lord and Prince.

Lord.

2108 but we now Q. 2109 Prince Otho L. 2110 who I am L.
 2114 I fear'd for you; my heart L.

Lor. Wee hold him soe, sith you command vs so.

2130 Hoff. Will you goe forward, Madam?

Mar. Willingly,

Soe you will promise mee to walke to morrow

And see the Earth that gently did receiue

My sons wrack't body from the churlish fome

Hoff. Ile wayt vpon your Grace, set forward there,

2135 Trickes, and deuices! longings! well, 'tis good:

Ile swim to my desires, through seas of blood.

Exeunt.

Lor. Fox you'l be taken, hunter you are falne

Into the pit you dig'd; I laught to see

How I out-strip the Prince of villany.

2140 Hoffman for me told such a smoothing tale,

That had not this strange accident befallne

In finding of the caue; I had bin held

More deere then euer, in the Dutchesse eyes:

But now shee'l hold me hard, what ere she say,

2145 Yet is her word past that shee'l pardon me,

And I haue wealth hoor'd vp which ile beare

To some strange place: rich men liue any where.

Enter Hoffman.

Hoff. What? are you gadding sir? what mooues your flight?

Coyne not excuses in your crouching come,

2150 What cause haue you to flie and seeke strange hoords

For your wealth gotten by my liberall gift?

Lor. And my desert, my Lord.

Hoff. Well be it your desert;

But what's the cause you'l flye this country?

Lor. As

I liue, my Lord, I haue no such intent;

2155 Buth with your leaue, I was debating things,

As if it should chaunce thus, and thus, why then

'T were better be far of, but otherwise

My loue, and life, low at your seruice lye.'

Hoff. You are a villaine damn'd as low as hell;

2160 An hypocrite, a fawning hypocrite:

K₂

I know

2138 laugh L. 2140 'fore me L. 2146 hoarded L. 2150 strange
shores L. 2154 intendments L.

I know thy heart, come Spaniell vp, arise,
 And thinke not with your antickes and your lies
 To goe beyond mee, you haue play'd the slaue,
 Betrayd me to the Dutchesse, told her all,
 2165 Disappoynting all my hopes with your base tongue,
 Oreturn'd the height of my intendments,
 For which ile hurle thee from my mountaine wracke,
 Into the lowest Cauerne of pale death.

Lor. Alas my Lord for beare, let me be heard.

2170 Hoff. Thou hast betrayd me, therefore neuer talke.

Lor. By heauen —

Hoff. O hell! why should'st thou thinke on heauen.

Lor. Stay, and beleeeue me, thinke you I am mad,

Soe great a foe to my owne happy chaunce,

When things are sorted to so good an end,

2175 That all is hid, and we held in regard:

After such horrid, and perfidious acts,

Now to betray my selfe; be reasonable,

And thinke how shallow such an act would seeme

In me, chiefe agent in so many ills.

2180 Hoff. Thou hast a tongue as glib and smooth to lyes,

As full of false inuentions, aud base fraud,

As prone to circumuent beleeeuing soules,

As euer heretique or traytor vsd,

Whose speeches are as hony, their acts gall,

2185 Their words rayse vp, but their hands ruine all.

Lor. By vertues glorious soule.

Hoff. Blasphemer peace, sweare not by that thou hat'st;

Vertue, and thou haue no more sympathie,

Then day with night, Heauen with Hell.

2190 Thou knowest, I know thy Villanyes excell

Lor. Why then by villany, by blood, by sleightes,

By all the horrors tortures can present,

By hell, and by reuenges purple hand

The Dutchesse had no conference with me,

But

2195 But onely a desire to see the place
That first receiu'd her son, whom she beleeuēs
The vnrelenting waues and flinty rocks,
Had seuer'd from sweet life after the wracke.

Hoff. May I beleue the?

Lor. Haue I fayld you yet?

2200 Measure my former acts, and you shall find
My soule allyed to yours, wholly estrang'd
From all I euer lou'd.

Hoff. Noe more, haue done.

Tha'st won me to continue thee my friend;
But I can tell thee somewhat troubles me,
2205 Some dreadfull misaduenture my soule doubts,
And I conceiue it with noe common thought,
But a most potent apprehension;
For it confounds imaginary sence,
Sometimes inflames my blood, another while

2210 'Nums all the Currents that should comfort life,
And I remayne as 'twere a senceles stone.

Lor. Come, come, I know the cause, you are in loue,
And to be soe, is to be any thing.

Doe you not loue the Dutchesse?

Hoff. Yes, I doe.

2215 Lor. Why there's the matter, then, be ruld by me,
To morrow morning she desires to see
The shore, that first receiu'd her sea-wrackt son,
And to be vnaccompained she loues;
Except some one or two, you and I:

2220 Now when you haue her neare your dismall caue,
Force her, I do't man, make no scruple do't,
Else you shall neuer win her to your bed:
Doe a mans part, please her before she goe,
Or if you see, that she turnes violent,

2225 Shut her perpetuall prisoner in that den;
Make her a Philomel, proue Tereus:
Do't, neuer feare it.

K₃

Hoff.

Hoff. Why she will be mist.

Lor. By whom? by fooles, grosse, dull, thicke-sighted fooles,
Whom euery mist can blinde, I'le sway them all,

2230 With exclamation that the griued Dutchesse
When she beheld the sea that drownd her son,
Stood for a while like weeping Niobe,

As if she had bin stone: and when we striu'd
With milde perswasions to make lesse her woe
2235 She madder then the wife of Athamas
Leap't suddenly into the troubled sea,
Whose surges greedy of soe rich a prey,
Swallowed her vp, while we in vaine exclaym'd
'Gainst Heauen and hell, 'gainst fortune and her fate.

2240 Hoff. Oh my good villaine! how I hug thy plots,
This shall be done, shee's mine: run swift slow houres,
Make a short night hasten on day apace,
Rough armes waxe soft soft beautie to embrace.

Lor. Why soe, now your feare will quickly end,

2245 Hoff. Thou wilt not talke of this?

Lor. Will I be hang'd?

Nee're take me for a blab, you'l finde me none.

Hoff. I haue another secret, but —

Lor. Come what ist? come, this brest is yours,
My heart's your treasury.

Hoff. Thou must be secret,

2250 It is a thing of weight concernes thee neere.

Lor. Were it as neere as life, come, pray speake.

Hoff. Hearke in thine eare, I would not haue the ayre
Be priuy to this purpose, wilt thou sweare?

Lor. What? to bee secret? if the least iot I tell

2255 Let all my hopes sinke suddenly to hell.

Hoff. Thou hast thy wish, downe villaine, keepe this close.

Lor. Vnthankfull murtherer, is this my meede?

Oh slaue, tha'st kild thy heart in wounding mine,
This is my day, to morrow shall be thine.

2260 Hoff. Goe foole; now thou art dead, I neede not feare.

Yet

2234 persuasion, L. 2244 now [then] L. 2247 a nother Q.
2250 'tis Q. 2251 pray [you] L.

Yet as thou wert my seruant iust and true,
 Ile hide thee in the ditch: giue dogs there due,
 He that will proue a mercenary slaue
 To murder, seldome findes soe good a graue,
 2265 Hee's gone, I can now spare him, Lorrique farewell;
 Commend me to our friends thou meet'st in hell:
 Next plot for Mathias and old Saxony,
 There ends shall finish our blacke tragedy.

Exit.

Enter Saxony, and Mathias.

How little care had we to let her 'scape,
 2270 Especially on this so needfull time,
 When we are vowed to wayt vpon reuenge.
 Mat. Noe doubt our uncles care will keepe her safe,
 Nor is she in her fits so violent
 As she was wont, looke where my vncle comes,
 2275 Sustayning with one hand a dying man,
 And on the other side, fayre Lucibell
 Supports the fainting body.

Enter Rodorigne, and Lucibell leading Lorrique.

Luc. Looke you here, you maruai'd why I went,
 Why this man drew me vnto him, can you helpe
 2280 Him now. Hoffman has hought him too.
 Sax. Brother who ist you bring thus ashe pale;
 I'st not Lorrique;
 Lor. I am, and 'tis in vayne
 To striue for longer hope. I can no [more],
 Only be prouident; I greatly feare
 2285 The murtherous traytor out of meere suspect
 Will plot some stratagem against the life
 Of the chast Dutchesse, help her what you can,
 Against the violence of that wicked man.
 Rod. Hast thou not told him, what we doe intend?

Lor.

2267 plot [we] L. 2270 in this L. 2277 his fainting L.
 2283 I cannot, Q. L: I can do nought. 2284 Be only L. 2285 this
 murtherous L.

- 2290 Lor. Noe, as heauen help mee in my wretched end,
 Be confident of that, now I must fall
 Neuer agen to rise, you know his wrongs:
 Be carefull Princes to reuenge them all.
- Luc. Well, farewell fellow, thou art now paid home
- 2295 For all thy councelling in knauery,
 Good Lord! what very fooles are very knaues!
 There cunning bodies often want due graues.
- Sax. Son, daughter, brother, follow my aduice,
 Let vs noe longer keepe this hatefull plot,
 Least we be circumuented
- 2300 Rod. True, [i]t is
 To put on open armes.
- Mat. Tis now too late,
 We are beset with souldiers, we must fight,
 And since it must be, let's to 't valiantly.
Enter Dutchesse's Lord, with souldiers.
- Lord. Princes prepare not to resist your foes,
 Wee are as firme as life vnto your blood.
- 2305 The Dutchesse Martha greetes old Saxony,
 Prince Mathias, Rodorick, and fayre Lucibell:
 To me she hath discover'd the damnd plots
 Of that perfidious Hoffman, and hath sent
 These armed souldiers, to attend on you.
- 2310 Sax. We thanke her Highnes, but we thinke in vaine
 Both you and we attend; Lorrique lyes slaine
 By Hoffmans slye suspition; best be ioyn'd
 To apprehend him publiquely.
- 2315 Lord. There is no need, our Dutchesse hath apparrel'd
 Her speech in a greene liuery,
 She salutes him faire, but her heart
 Like his actions, is attir'd
 In red, and blew, and sable ornaments.
- 2320 Say. But tell vs where they are?
 Lord. At hand she comes, with him alone her plot is,
 she

2292 your wrongs L. nach 2293: (dies) mit Tinte Q. 2299 'tis.
 Bühnenweisung nach 2303: Enter Dutchesse: Lord, with s. Q.
 2301 to put out L. 2302 Let's [draw our swords] and to it v. L.
 2321 At hand, she comes; — 'gainst him alone she plots; L.

She comes in happy time for all your good.

Mat. Cease words, vse deedes reuenge drawes nigh.

Sax. Come set

His body like a scarcrow, this bush shroud you,

2325 This you, stand close true soldiers, for reuenge.

Lue. I: doe, doe, doe, I pray you heartely doe,
stand close.

Enter Hoffman and Dutchesse.

Hoff. I wonder much why you aske me for Lorrique,

What is Lorrique to you, or what to me?

2330 I tell you he is damn'd, enquire no more,
His name is hatefuller (to me) then death.

Mar. Heauen! what alterations (are) these?

Can I beleue you loue mee as you swore,
When you are so inconstant to your friend?

2335 Hoff. He is noe friend of mine whom you affect,
Pardon me Madam, such a fury raignes
Ouer my boyling blood, that I enuy
Any one on whom you cast an amorous eye.

Mar. What growne so louing? marry heauen defend,

2340 Wee shall deceiue you if you dote on vs,
For I haue sworne to lead a widdowes life,
And neuer more to be tearm'd married wife.

Hoff. I, but you must.

Mar. Must? vse not force, I pray.

Hoff. Yeild to my loue, and then with meekest words

2345 And the most humble actions, ile intreat
Your sacred beauty; deny me? ile turne fire,
Mor wild then wrath, come then agree,
If not to marry, yet in vnseene sports
To quench these Lawlesse heates that burne in me.

2350 Mar. What my adopted son become my louer?
And make a wanton minion of his mother?
Now fie vpon you fie y'are too obsceane

L

if

2322 And comes L. 2326 do zweimal L. 2331 (to me) L.
2332 [are] fehlt in Q. (Oh) Heav'n! what alteration is this? L.
2342 a married L.

If like your words, your thoughts appeare vncleane.

Hoff. By heauen I doe not ieast, goe to, belieue me,

2355 'Tis well you laugh; smile on, I like this: say,
Will you yeild?

Mar. At the first? fie, noe.

That were an abiect course, but let vs walke

Into some couert, there are pretty caues,

Lucky to louers suites, for Virgil sings;

2360 That Dido being driuen by a [sharpe] storme

Into a Lybian caue, was there intic'd

By siluer-tongu'd Aeneas to affect;

And should you serue me soe, I were vndone,

Disgrac'd in Germany by euery Boore,

2365 Who in their rymes would iest at Marthas name

Calling her mynion to her cozen son.

Hoff. Fayrer then Dido, or loues amorous Queene;

I know a caue, wherein the bright dayes eyes

Look't neuer but a skance through a small creeke,

2370 Or little cranny of the fretted scarre;

There I haue sometimes liu'd, there are fit seates,

To sit and chat, and coll, and kisse, and steale

Loues hidden pleasures, come, ar you disposd

To venter entrance? if you be, assay,

2375 'Tis death to quicke desire, vse no delay.

Mar. Vertue and modesty bids me say noe,

Yet trust me Hogman thar't so sweet a man,

And so belou'd of me, that I must goe.

Hoff. I am crown'd the King of pleasure.

Mar. Hatefull slaue,

2380 Thou goest to meete destruction in thy caue.

Hoff. S'death who stands here? what's that? Lorriques pale gost?

I am amaz'd:

Mar. Nay slaue stand of: thy weapons

Sure, the prize is ours.

2385 Mar. Come forth deere friends, murder is in our powers

Sax. Yeild thee, base son of shame.

Hoff.

2358 where are L. 2360 sharp ohne [] Q. 2366 coz'ning L.
2371 There haue I. L. 2375 to use delay L. 2376 bid L. 2384 the
murd'rer's L.

Hoff. How now whats here? am I betrayd?
 By dotage, by the falshood of a face?
 Oh wretched foole falne by a womans hand
 From high reuenges spheare, the blisse of soules.

Sax. Cut out the murtherers tongue.

2390 Hoff. What doe you meane?

Whom haue I murder'd? wherefore bind yee me;

Mar. They are justices to punish thy bare bones,
 Looke with thy blood-shed eyes on these bare bones,
 And tell me that which dead Lorrique confest.

2395 Who ist thou villain and that least? who wast?

Hoff. Why Otho thy sons, and that's my fathers by him.

Mar. O mercillesse and cruell murtherer

To leaue me childlesse.

Luc. And mee husbandlesse.

Mat. Me brotherlesse. oh smooth tongu'd hypocrite

2400 How thou didst draw me to my brothers death.

Sax. Talke noe more to him, he seekes dignity,
 Reason he should receaue his desperate hire,
 And weare his crowne made flaming hot with fire:
 Bring forth the burning crowne there.

Enter a Lord with the Crowne.

2405 Hoff. Doe old dog, thou helpst to worry my dead Father
 And must thou kill me too? 'tis well, 'tis fit,

I that had sworne vnto my fathers soule

To be reueng'd on Austria, Saxony,

Prussia, [and] Luningberg, and all there heires:

2410 Had prosper'd in the downefall of some fiae;

Had onely three to offer to the fiends,

And then must fall in loue; oh wretched eyes

That haue betray'd my heart; bee you accurst;

Ane as the melting drops run from my brows,

2415 Soe fall they on the strings that guide your heart

Whereby their oylie heat may cracke them first,

I, soe, boyle on thou foolish idle braine,

For giuing entertainment to loues thoughts.

L₂

A man

2392 lustices Q. punish thy foul crimes L. 2393 bloodshot L.
 2395 Who's that, L. verstümmelt villained (villainer?) Q. 2396 thy
 son L. 2407 I who had L. 2409 (and) fehlt Q. 2415 my heart L.

- A man resolu'd in blood, bound by a vow
 2420 For noe lesse vengeance, then his fathers death,
 Yet become amorous of his foes wife!
 Oh sin against all conceit! worthy this shame
 And all the tortures that the world can name.
 Mar. Call vpon heauen, base wretch, thinke on thy soule.
 2425 Hoff. In charity and prayer
 To no purpose without charity.
 Sax. We pardon thee, and pray for thy soules health.
 Hoff. Soe doe not I for yours, nor pardon you;
 You kild my father, my most warlike father,
 2430 Thus as you deale by me, you did by him;
 But I deserue it, that haue slackt reuenge
 Through fickle beauty, and a womans fraud;
 But Hell the hope of all dispayring men,
 That wring the poore, and eate the people vp,
 2435 As greedy beasts the haruest of their spring:
 That Hell, where cowards haue their seats prepar'd,
 And barbarous asses,
 Such as haue robed [brave] souldiers of reward,
 And punish true desert with scorn'd death.

2422 sin 'gainst L. 2437 And barbarous asses, such as haue
 rob'd souldiers of. 2438 Reward, and punish true desert with scorn'd
 death.

FINIS.

A n m e r k u n g e n.

Act I.

Titel: In der Mitte des Titelblattes mit Blei der Eintrag: Henry Chettle. at the Phenix: C. Randbemerkung 'This must have been on some revival not long prior to the printing of it in 1631'. — Widmung: Z. 11 s scheint errat. für e; 3. Pers. wäre möglich nach Abbot § 247,2, aber die Form haus nicht anzunehmen. — v. 1—10. Die Verse sind jedenfalls als korrumpirt zu betrachten, da anscheinend die ersten und letzten Blätter des dem Drucker vorliegenden ms. defekt waren. Mit diesem Faktor gerechnet, ist es schwer aus dem Vorliegenden einen annehmbaren Sinn zu rekonstruieren. Ich betrachte v. 3—6 als Anrede an den Leichnam des Vaters, soul-person, creature wie oft bei Shakespeare; und zwar ist der Leichnam (whose dead resoundings . . .) wahrscheinlich im Winde getrocknet, den L.'s note für dead resoundings: 'The skeleton rattles in the wind' ist widersinnig, da es keine nerves and artires mehr hat. And thou shalt ha't ist dann als Parenthese zu betrachten. C. bemerkt richtig nach revenge, v. 4: 'It is very obvious that a line or more has been lost, which it is impossible to supply' und setzt daher nach revenge Gedankenstrich. v. 5 stellt L. um: Be but appeased, and thou shalt hav' it. Anstatt der Bühnenweisung des Q. hat L: He draws a curtain, and discovers a skeleton hanging on a tree in chains, with an iron crown on its head. — v. 5. L. note: hearse, i. e. corpse, frequently used in that sense. Vide Nares's Glossary. — v. 8. L.'s Interpunktion vor 'in such a cause' plausibel; ob aber it nach execute nötig? Shakesp. gebraucht das Verb öfters in der Bedeutung to kill, destroy. — v. 11—12. L. setzt nach aspects ein [seeming], da der Vers hier eine Lücke aufweist, und lässt v. 11 see weg. — v. 14. 15. L. excite und indicate. Vergleiche dagegen Abbot § 333. — v. 22. L. again more blasts glückliche Konjektur. — v. 18 L. note: scion, syen-i. e. twig, graft. — v. 27: L: 'to thy high desires' scheint nicht annehmbar; schwer zu erklärende Stelle; desire = Lust, Begierde? their für your? — v. 34. though thou swarm'st L. — v. 41. L: balaena, i. e. whale. Diesen zoologischen Namen von *φάλαινα* führt Muret an, Webster kennt nur baleen. — v. 44 Hoffman. von L. mit Recht eingesetzt, im Q. mit Blei notirt. — v. 48. L. setzt Komma vor trembling. — v. 65 L. 'would'st thou not.' aber unnötig, da der Sprechende in Folge der langen

Periode aus dem Satzgefüge gekommen ist. L. zitirt für Q. upon, was unrichtig ist. — v. 67. affied, wofür auch C. in einer Randglosse. Vergl. Muret: „vereinigt, verbunden“, auch figürlich. Schmidt, Shakesp.-Lex. hat nur die Bedeutung confide, betrothe. — v. 71—74. L. druckt die Zeilen in Prosa, während man nur die in [] gesetzten Dittographien wegzulassen braucht, um die Verse zu finden; hereafter viersilbig. — v. 77. L. druckt unnötig serpent. — v. 84. religious: L. note: i. e. name of a saint, or more probably he means he has a reputation for religion. — v. 91. L: adores, trisyllable. — v. 98 Anatomy; cf. v. 165. — v. 102. L. fares; aber vergl. what cheers? Wie geht es? cf. Merch. of Ven. III, 5,75, wo aber die Q. farest lesen. Muret: how cher you? obsolete. — v. 108—110. Ich betrachte die in [] gesetzten Worte als Wiederholungen. L. How sea | And friends, — | (abgebrochener Vers). Another eyes | With aspects, — v. 113. imaginary. Das i in Q. mit Tinte eingesetzt. — v. 117—119. Verderbte Stelle. entertains für entertained? Dann wäre der Acc. ‘and what otherwise’ auch zu dem Satze mit ‘can collect’ gehörig; oder entertained in? L: and what otherwise so solitary a place as this can entertain. [The owner I] recollect, an antient etc. — v. 130. conspicuous Korrektur L.’s. — v. 133. L.: benison i. e. blessing. — v. 143. L.: cates. Muret: (gekaufte) Lebensmittel. Webster: provisions purchased oder dainties. Ich sehe keinen Grund zur Aenderung — v. 145. Exit. ergänze Lorrique. — v. 151. treasuries. L.’s Aenderung nicht notwendig, besonders da der Ausdruck sich wiederholt. — v. 154. Die Conjektur C.’s als Randglosse. — nach v. 172. L.: [Some one] A line must have dropped out here. (?) — v. 176. Nations forraigne sinnlos. Die Konjektur ist von L. — v. 185. L. twins, i. e. eyes. — v. 186. L.: Burnt out, eclip’d! by day, when as the sun — v. 189. Lücke. L. ergänzt: [Of my dead father’s spirit] thou organ of | 190: The soul, rest, rest! — v. 190. to rest. Vergl. Hamlet II, 2,84. — v. 195. chair of state. Vergl. Henry VIII, IV, 1,67. — v. 202. hinter taken in Q. Komma mit Tinte. — v. 211. guiltless. L. query: guileless? — v. 207. Oh peace shewd Q. in einer Zeile. — v. 223—224. L.: Lorick, this [is | 224. Nought] . . . v. 230. L. that’s borne. — v. 229—230 hat Q. in einer Zeile. — v. 250. abounding Conjektur L.’s. — v. 258 u. 259. Q. u. L. lesen sie als Prosa. — v. 260. Wittenberg; cf. Hamlet. — v. 262. honour; errat. für horror? — v. 263. L. cor’sive. i. e. corrosive. Muret gibt corsive u. corsey. — v. 272. L. note: ‘Sound is any ‘indraught of water between two headlands’; it generally signifies the passage between Sweden and Denmark, through which ships pass into the Baltic — here it signifies the Gulf of Dantzic.’ — v. 269—272. Delius: Voll Shakespearischer Reminiscenzen. — v. 275. and, an für if, cf. Abbot § 101. — v. 279. loves her: Abbot § 247. 2. cf. v. 11. — v. 275. s’nailes L.: a vulgar oath — God’s nails. Webster: Snails! God’s nails, or His nails, that is, the nails with which the Saviour was fastened to the cross; — an ancient form of oath, corresponding to ‘Od’s bodkins’: Beaum. & Fletcher. — v. 276. put up the foole L.: i. e. being called a fool. — v. 285. L. Büh-

nenweisung (to Jerome, bantering him). — v. 289. L.'s 'many' scheint durchaus nicht nötig; ich lese ferner 'I protest you worthy', also 'are' überflüssig. — v. 292 verderbte Stelle; L. vermutet: S' heart, who would not unhorse Hercules for her favour? Doch kann der ganze Satz an den Vater gerichtet sein, vergl. nachher: you say. — v. 309. landway. L. bemerkt noch: a friend would read to 'make for land'. Wenn der Germanismus „den Landweg einschlagen“ möglich ist, dann ist die Erklärung einfach; allerdings landway nicht zu finden, wohl aber landwind, landturn etc. Schmidt, Shak.-L. to take a way = to set out; you take your way from home, All's well II, 5, 69; take the instant way Troil. III, 3, 153. — v. 307. await. L. query: attend, or wait on? Muret: achten, aufpassen (on auf) [acc]; (on) aufwarten, bedienen; auch Webster = attend. — v. 315. proportion. L.: Lorick plays on the words proper and proportion; query 'properties'? proportion in der Bedeutung form, shape häufig bei Shakesp. Es ist zu bemerken, dass Lorrick im Stil des Euphuismus redet. — v. 320. swabber. L.: i. e. cleaner of ship's deck. 321. cock L.: i. e. cock boat. — v. 322. company. L.: he plays upon the word company and ship's company. — v. 324. L. query: Room her, i. e. give her space to right herself? Aber room als trans. nicht zu finden. Das richtige ist roomer adv. = at a greater distance, further off, wie auch von Harrington gebraucht. Sie müssen aus der Nähe des sinkenden Wracks hinweg. — v. 327. Reeshopscurré. L.: — vide Wyld's maps — Reserhoft or Ruckshof, a small point at the entrance of the gulf of Dantzic. — v. 334. Oh my heart-soone. Q. in einer Zeile. — v. 335. hought. L.: a play on the word Hoffmann, to 'hough' is to 'slash'. — v. 347. shift. L. for 'shifting', a change of apparel. — v. 355. fond. L. i. e. foolish. — v. 370. L. stellt nun: the quacksalver flay. note: Here Chettle's acquaintance with classical mythology appears to have deserted him, in thus transferring to the messengers of Jove an act by all classical authorities attributed to Apollo. — v. 377. Um den Vers voll zu machen, z. B. 'Now' davor zu setzen. — v. 385. cf. v. 224. — v. 394. 397. 354. Silbenzahl von Prussia. — v. 395 ff. Delius: Erinnet vielfach an Entsprechendes in Hamlet. — v. 400. L. query: cozen I'll cozen thee? Delius: Richard II, II, 3, 87.

Act II.

v. 427. Helsen. L.: Perhaps 'Hela', a small town situate on a peninsula N. W. of Dantzic. — Wyld's Maps. — v. 441. L.: (takes a mirror from his pocket). "a hall" i. e. make room. cf. Romeo I, 5, 28. — v. 442. Die Wiederholung veranlasst L. zu kürzen: Stand aside, that I may set my countenance right, to the Mirror etc. So berechtigt die Korrektur ist, so kann die Rede auch durch beard-brush etc. unterbrochen sein. The Mirror of Knighthood, L.: 'a romance, — the History of the Knight of the Sun'. C., Hist. p. 231 note, bemerkt zu der Stelle: 'Hoffman could not

be older than 1598, for in the beginning of act II Prince Jerome mentions the Mirror of Knighthood, which, having been translated from the Spanish by Margaret Tyler, was printed in that year. Die erste Ausgabe des Mirror of Magistrates erschien 1559. — v. 447. Unter late practize ist natürlich die Fechtübung gemeint; zur Stelle bemerkt D.: Wie Hamlets Mutter ihren Sohn im Gefecht mit Laertes den Schweiss abtrocknen heisst. — v. 456. Erklärliches Versehn des Druckers. L. setzt Pomer(ania) and. — v. 458. L.: Q. interpolates 'which'. Vergl. dagegen Abbot § 268. — v. 470. s'nailes. cf. Bemerk. zu v. 275. — v. 474—75. till-rave. Hiezu notirt C. 'quotation', aber ohne Angabe des Autors; bei Shakespeare war das Zitat nicht aufzufinden. — v. 485. Throughout. Die Konjekture von L. — v. 488. Ther's an excellent speech. L. druckt die Stelle wie Q. als zur Rede Jeromes gehörig. Offenbar wird aber die Zwischenrede von Stilt gesprochen, worauf die beiden Schlussverse der Rede Jeromes. Q. hat Ther's — acquire in einer Zeile, woran schon äusserlich der Irrtum des Druckers zu ersehen. — v. 494. L. Bühnenweisung: The Interior of the hermitage of Roderick. — v. 508. L.: 'He refers to the celebrated adventure of Paris, at the Court of Menelaus, King of Sparta'. — v. 510. daemons. L.: 'Play upon words'. — v. 518. L.: Look to our h. (to Servants). — v. 520—595. von Lamb. in seinen Specimens abgedruckt — v. 523. Nach dem Vorgang L.'s 'O' weggelassen. — v. 524. Ich sehe keinen Grund mit D. accuse zu setzen. Die Entschuldigung für ihn und seine Tochter sind die lascivious sons. accuse als subst. bei Shakesp. nur einmal. — v. 527. metamorphis'd. Da die Form vorkommt (Webster) sehe ich keinen Grund zur Änderung. Shakesp., Two Gentl. of V.I, 1, 66 u. II, 1, 32 hat die andere Form. — v. 533. C. in Randnote beanstandet forcings, setzt aber nichts anderes. — v. 539. war. Lamb.'s Conjekture 'man' ist unberechtigt und zerstört die Antithese. — v. 540. consuming. L., query: — 'confusing'? — v. 546. Die Konjekture L.'s überflüssig bei Zerdehnung von hear. — v. 556. this here. Für die Konjekture vergl. Abbot § 43. — v. 557. 'my' für 'your' schon im Q. mit Tinte bemerkt. — v. 563—64. Aus Lamb's Änderungen, wie auch oben 539, kann man annehmen, dass seine Abschrift eine oberflächliche gewesen ist. — v. 569. L., query: 'What Rod'rik?' — v. 578. sufferance. L.: i. e. endurance. — v. 585. L. und Lamb. in []. — v. 598. Q. hat 'Please your Graces enter' vor v. 596. L. ebenso mit [So] please etc. cover'd. L.: 'i. e. covered the supper table'. — v. 602. Zu Lamb's Abdruck der Scene in den Specimens bemerkt L. mit Recht: 'It is left to the reader's judgment to decide whether passages of greater merit might not have been selected from this Tragedy'. — v. 614. point-vice. wie 'you are rather point-vice in your accoutrements': As you like it III, 2, 40!. L. zu dem Wort: 'i. e. anything uncommonly exact, or constructed with nicety and precision'. — v. 618. Q. setzt die ganze Rede als Prosa. Doch geben schon die Reime fiend-end und well-hell die Verse an. L. druckt die Mitte von Yet-issue als Prosa. — v. 620. Andere Versabteilung: Yet —, he | Has conscience in his killing men, he kills. — v. 638. Ich betrachte speedily als Dittographie; L. vermutet sudden. —

v. 658 (more). Die Konj. von L. — v. 690. L., query: 'equal for rival?' — v. 696—698. Q. in Prosa. — v. 703. L., note: 'This line, which presents an instance of bold and unnatural antithesis, is very obscure; the meaning appears to be, if he continue to second and to render practicable my designs, I will prefer him'. — v. 713. God-a-mercy. cf. Schmidt, Sh.-Lex.: 2) = gramercy, thank you. — v. 709. Hier weist L. mit Recht einen Irrtum des Autors nach. Lucibella kann nicht in seiner Begleitung gesehen worden sein, da sie entflohen ist. — v. 752. 771. Die Konjekturen von L. — v. 772. L. stellt 'for nothing, — no, nothing!' — v. 773. L.: vide St. Matthew 23, 27 whited sepulchres. — v. 779. [come] Wiederholung!

Act III.

In Bezug auf Ton und Stil des folgenden Dialogs erinnert D. an Merchant of Ven. 5, 1 und an die flüchtigen athenischen Paare in Mids. Night's Dr.; ähnliche Situationen sind auch in anderen Dramen vielfach zu finden. — v. 786. C. (Randnote) beanstandet 'spotted', ohne einen Ersatz zu geben; v. 787 schlägt er 'fosters' für 'softens' vor, eine Änderung, deren Notwendigkeit ich nicht einsehe. — v. 790. Conjektur L.'s sehr plausibel; ebenso as v. 800 u. lullaby v. 825. — v. 783—801. bei C., Hist. III nach L.'s Ausgabe abgedruckt. — v. 802. L.: 'beyond meane i. e. all reasonable extent'. — v. 805. Die Worte in [] betrachte ich als Tautologien; L. lässt 'cleare' aus und setzt unnötig 'from' ein, ohne seine Änderung zu notiren; sein Vers bleibt sechsfüssig. — v. 826. fehlt bei L. — v. 831—832. in italics Q.; soll es ein Zitat sein? — v. 846. 878. Q. Clo. für Hoff. — v. 864. Bühnenweisung: He offers; natürlich ist Matthias gemeint. — v. 866. parricide. L.'s Änderung unnötig; vergl. Webster: 'Blackstone applies the word to one who kills his child'. Bacon: 'The murder of any one to whom reverence is due'. — v. 869—870. D. bemerkt hiezu: Shakesp.-Reminiscenz. — v. 914. L. ändert aus Unkenntnis mit dem alten Sprachgebrauch; C. (Randnote): 'no did' is right. Vergl. nach Schmidt, Sh.-Lex.: No had? John IV, 2, 207; ferner: the whole world yields not a workman that can frame the like. No does? Dekker. In all my life I knew not this before. No did? John Bon and Master Parson. Abbot, Sh. Gram. erwähnt diesen Gebrauch von no nicht. — v. 931. Beide Conjekt. L.'s unnötig. sweet als Anrede an Lodw. aufzufassen. Die Bühnenweisung moritur wird von L., der 'she swoons' schreibt, als mistake bezeichnet; doch ist die gebräuchliche Formel hier auch für den scheinbaren Tod verwendet. — v. 935—946. in Q. als Prosa gedruckt. — v. 937. his. cf. Abbott § 228. — v. 942. D. erinnert hier wieder an Romeo and Jul. — v. 951. L.: gag'd = pledged to prove. — v. 952—954. druckt Q. als Prosa. — v. 957. practice. L.: 'for treacherous deceit'. — Für die Bühnenweisung nach v. 968 (The Dukes of Saxony and Austria draw and fight. Hoffman draws and pretends to part them; in doing so, as if by accident, he stabs the Duke

of Austria, who falls) zieht hier D. Romeo III, 1 und Hamlet V, 2 zum Vergleich heran; dieselbe ist aber von L.; Q. hier keine Weisung. — v. 983. Q. wie L. setzen 'he is' zu v. 984. — v. 1004—1006. Die Conjekt. von L. — v. 1006. L.: 'Thirl, and old form for thrill'. — v. 1004 ff. D. bemerkt hiezu: Der Mönch in Romeo und Much Ado hat es mit Scheintoten zu thun. — v. 1012. Conjekt. fair unnötig. Siehe Schmidt, Sh.-Lex., clear: 6) beautiful, magnificent 7) spotless, pure, innocent. your mind is the clearer. Troil. II, 3, 163. Muret: rein, fleckenlos; clear from faults. — v. 1017. L.: 'passion for commiseration, sympathy'. — v. 1025. D. zitiert hiezu Much Ado IV, 1: How now interjections? Why, then, some be of laughing, as ha, ha, ha. — v. 1036. L.: 'wreak i. e. revenge'. — v. 1056. L. array ist unnötig, da offenbar beabsichtigt wie v. 1090 battayle beray. — v. 1061 - 62. L. interpungiert: you have order to stay; the rest, be sententious etc. — v. 1075. Pole and Pomer. L.: i. e. Poland and Pomerania. — v. 1076. Kilt after kind; vergl. kith and kin. — v. 1082. L. druckt 'noble ancient, Captain S.' und bemerkt: 'Ancient means 'an officer, an 'ensign'. — v. 1085. Sarloys. L.: 'Probably a corruption of Sir Louis. — v. 1108. L. bemerkt am Schluss dieser Rede: 'The studied misnomers and misapprobation of words throughout this scene, show considerable ingenuity; but the reader will hardly fail to perceive the source from which they were in all probability derived'. — v. 1112 setzt L. vor 1111. — v. 1126. Von hier an Q. Sarlois für Hoffm., obwohl im Text Charles steht, ein Beweis für die Nachlässigkeit des Druckers, wie z. B. auch der sinnlose Druck v. 1165; erst vom 5. Akt an gibt Q. wieder Hoffm. L. bemerkt hiezu in seiner note: 'the only way to account for it, is, that the word Sarlois is mentioned in the text, a few lines previous; and the printer's eye caught the word, and mechanically adopted it. Das ist richtig; es ist ihm aber entgangen, dass Charles der ursprüngliche Name des Prinzen im Text war, und hier in demselben wieder auftaucht. Die Bezeichnung Sarl. im Q. könnte auch auf Undeutlichkeit im ms. für Charl. (Clois?) zurückzuführen sein. — v. 1136. zu L.'s Conjekt. cf. Bemerk. zu v. 1056; es wäre übrigens authority zu substituieren. — v. 1147. Verderbte Stelle; zwischen but und in, the und face Raum gelassen in Q.; auch beginnt die Rede mit einem Vers. — v. 1172. Conjekt. L.'s. — v. 1178. L.: 'stitch. i. e. completely through with it'. — Von v. 1185 die Verse als Prosa gedruckt. 1190 unvollständig; siehe L.'s Ergänzung. — v. 1195. of that. L.: 'i. e. on: — See the old dramatists, passim'. — v. 1214. thee mercy. thee in Q. undeutlich. — v. 1224. L. liest 'Herald. Oyez! Oyez!' und bemerkt hiezu: Q. omits this character — "O. S. Y. S." Es ist aber offenbar, dass hier die beiden dramatis personae Old Stilt und Young Stilt gemeint sind! — v. 1241—42. von L. als Verse gedruckt, deren zweiter mit 'I wait' beginnt. — v. 1271. L.: 'He apostrophizes Nemesis, goddess of vengeance'. — v. 1278. begar. Vergl. Wives I, 4, 114 etc. in der Rede des Dr. Cajus. — v. 1279. L.'s Conjektur acceptabel; aber dram öfters bei Shakesp. als verderblicher Trank. L. bringt erst diese Rede Loricks und dann die vorhergehende Stilts. — v. 1290. L. lässt 'and for de grand love

I beare you' in Q. aus, ohne es zu notiren. — v. 1286. I would dopt him. Dies Verb nicht zu finden; entweder dop untertauchen (Muret als obsolete), das bei Schmidt und Webster nicht zu finden, oder dap klopfen? — v. 1289. 1308. kick. D. verweist auf Hamlet III, 3, 93: 'that his heels may kick at heaven'. — v. 1315. draw-latch. Muret: (cant) Einbrecher. Webster: 'A thief (Obs.). Old Play 1631. Also offenbar auf unser Drama hingewiesen. — v. 1316. L.: 'This gibberish probably an adaptation of "Ah oui! je suis à vous"'. — v. 1319. Q. hat die Rede Lorr. als Prosa gedruckt.

Act IV.

v. 1338. L. Bühnenweisung: Mat. (rising, drawing his sword, and offering to kill himself). — v. 1348 u. 1352 in italics. Es sind die gestickten Devisen hervorgehoben. — v. 1378. L.: 'cog. i. e. weedle, flatter'. Schmidt hat = to cheat, especially by smooth lies; M. Wives III, 3, 50: I cannot cog, I cannot prate. Muret: = betrügen, (bes. beim Würfel- und Kartenspiel). — v. 1383. L. hat nach true (sings). — C. bemerkt zu v. 1384 in einer Randnote: ballad. — v. 1400. L.: "base" — a rustic game known to schoolboys as "prisoner's base". "barley-break" or "the last couple in hell", was a game played by six people, three of each sex, who were coupled by lot. — Vide Gifford's Notes on Massinger. Ich citire noch nach Sch., Sh.-L.: Venus & Adonis 303, Two Gentl. I, 2, 97. Cymbeline V, 3, 20. — v. 1401. the fellow. L.: i. e. death. — Zur Bühnenweisung nach 1428 bemerkt L. betr. towel: 'where there was a common cup, the "towel" was necessary. This custom is still preserved at the sacramental service'. — Nach v. 1426 beginnt L. die 2. Scene und verlegt sie in 'The interior of the hermitage of Roderick', indem er richtig bemerkt, dass hier ein Scenenwechsel absolut notwendig sei, obwohl in Q. nicht angegeben. Die Anwesenheit der Guards etc. und die folgenden Ereignisse passten nicht wohl zur vorigen Scenerie. — v. 1444. Q. hat die Rede Saxony's in Prosa. — v. 1461. unprepared. L.: i. e. crude, raw. — v. 1472. Neuer Beweis für die nachlässige Drucklegung: hier Charles, nachdem 2 Zeilen zuvor Otho steht! — v. 1505. L.: 'a wretched play on the words Stilt and stumps'. — v. 1510—12. Q. druckt die Verse unregelmässig. Die Conjekture [down] von L. — v. 1514. In Q. der Vers mit perceive unmetrisch, wie L. richtig bemerkt, der see dafür vorschlägt; cf. meine Conjekture a.s. — v. 1526. building. L.: i. e. his body. — v. 1538. neglects. L.: i. e. is regardless of. — v. 1542 defend. L.: i. e. hinder, restrain. — v. 1556. plumpd. L.: i. e. cheeks puffed out'. Webster = to swell, dilate, fatten. — v. 1562. L. hat wie Q. strain. — Nach C's. Korrektur (Randbemerkung) train. Es muss trail heissen nach Hamlet II, 2, 47. — v. 1564. L. ergänzt den Vers mit [Duchess of Luneberg]. — v. 1563. Von hier an verderbte Stelle, wie die unvollständigen Verse zeigen. — v. 1568. his star. L.: 'This information of the death of the Duke of Luneberg is ab-

rupt and unexplanatory'. abrupt allerdings, aber gewählt, um die Reise der Herzogin zu motiviren. Wohl aber scheint die Unvollständigkeit der Scene daraus hervorzugehen, dass Martha schon erscheint, ehe Lorrique ihr Eintreffen gemeldet hat. — v. 1584. Q. hat nach from eine Lücke. — v. 1592. his in Q. mit Blei notirt. — v. 1609. L. hat nach guard die Bühnenweisung: (to Attendants) eingesetzt. Die Änderung scheint unnötig. v. 1616. Siehe Einleitung p. XIX. — v. 1618. Verderbter Vers. Q. setzt Ayre zu 1619. Entweder ist 'Tis true' als abgebrochener Vers vor 1617 zu setzen, und 1617 bis 'the fayre'; oder mit Auslassung von their: 'The fayre, and the deformed fall; life turnes ayre'. — v. 1626—1658 bei C., Hist. abgedruckt. D. bemerkt zu dieser Rede Hoffman's: „stark shaksperisirend“. — v. 1635. worthless-death in () bei L. — Zu v. 1638. D.: „Lorriques Vorschlag lässt beinahe vermuten, dass im Dez. 1602, als Chettle sein Drama schrieb, Othello über die Bühne ging. — v. 1643. L. notirt seine Ergänzung that gegenüber Q. nicht. — v. 1644. Am Kopf der Seite: The Try aged of Hoffman in Q. cf. Bem. zu v. 1472. — 1662. Verderbter Vers. — 1661. 'note my words' hat L. in (). — 1662. scar. L.: i. e. cliff. — v. 1685. das zweite Living zu tilgen? — 1703. Es ist unerklärlich, wie L. zu dieser Änderung kommt, die er auch nicht notirt hat. — 1707. Lücke in Q. — 1730. L.: Why, as well as Lorick, doth he not live? — 1736. Verstümmelter Vers. — 1738—39 bis recov'ry: L. in (). — 1754. refuse. L.: i. e. renounce. — 1783. D. bemerkt dazu: Chettle hat auch Richard III. gekannt.

Act V.

v. 1790. L. hat am Ende des Verses 'Not I', ohne es zu notiren. — v. 1792. Warum nicht frame = shape, form; Shakesp. Sonn. 59, 10: 'this composed wonder of your frame. Muret: mortal frame = sterbl. Hülle. — v. 1793. Balt. L.: i. e. Baltic Sea. — v. 1798—99. Q. u. L. von 'Stand aside' an als Prosa. — v. 1807. Siehe vorherg. Bem. — 1811. Knacks. L.: i. e. „toys“ — „knick knacks“. — 1816. Q. hat Luc. Rede als Prosa. — 1824. anatomy cf. v. 98 u. 165. — v. 1839—40 von L. als Vierzeiler gedruckt; vorher die Anweisung: she sings. — v. 1846. L.: Vide St. Matthew VII, 13. — v. 1849. ff. Q. die Rede Mathias' u. Rodericks in Prosa. 1850. L. i. e. I know not the lady who comes with him. — v. 1854. fellow. L.: Sie hat einen elf, or sprite gesehen. 'German as well as English goblins are generally depicted with red caps. — Vide Scott's Border Minstrelsy — Ballad of Lord Soulis'. — v. 1865. queachy. L.: i. e. „washy“ marshy, crowded with osiers and flags'. queachy nicht bei Schmidt, Sh.-L., aber Webster: The queachy fens. Godwin's queachy sands. (Drayton). — 'Plot for Spot'. Das letztere hätte schon für v. 1861 angeführt werden müssen, ferner v. 1962, auf den C. verweist. Bei Shakesp. vielfach zu finden. — v. 1874, untimely. Die Conjekt. C's in Randnote; untimeless nicht zu finden; vergl. ferner Richard III: I, 2, 4 'The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster' u. D's Notiz zu v. 1783. Dazu Hamlet IV, 1, 40. — v. 1885 ff. D.

bemerkt: Die Stelle erinnert an Hamlet V, 1. — v. 1893. houselld. L.: i. e. the Sacrament was not administered to thee. — v. 1902. Q. hat die Rede Mathias' in Prosa. — v. 1932—33. ditto. — v. 1939. Verderbte Stelle; vielleicht wie L. perdition als Ende von v. 1939 — v. 1942. Es ist kein Grund vorhanden, mit L. in slippd zu verändern: skip auch bei Shakesp. in der Bedeutung „hüpfen, springen“ oft zu finden; cf. Schmidt. — v. 1946. Q. u. L. Die Rede Luc. in Prosa. — v. 1961. L.: i. e. feels at the present moment. — v. 1965. bare anatomy. cf. Anm. zu v. 1824. — v. 1984. L. stellt But mine an den Anfang des Verses. — v. 2010. C.'s Conjekt. unnötig, da Hoffm. der Anstifter der Verbrechen ist. — v. 2019. Vers unvollst. L. ergänzt: [Sure] all the land will help, and each man be . . . — v. 2028. resolv'd. L.: i. e. made resolute. — v. 2032. offer scheint Vorwegnahme von offerings zu sein. — v. 2044. And very safe. L.: i. e. "though I grant it would be easy to raise a multitude, &" — v. 2053. sleights. L.: i. e. tricks. — v. 2071. Die Conj. L.'s scheint notwendig, da ich 'smooth the murder' nur in der Bedeutung „beschönigen“ übersetzen könnte. — v. 2090. Luc. Rede in Prosa Q.; ob nicht verderbte Verse? I but — Lords all; | What — play the knave; | Still — how then? | mit Zerdehnung von tales. — v. 2097. resolv'd. L.: i. e. determined to become. — v. 2105. Hier bringt L. eine note über den Charakter Lucibellas u. Ophelias; cf. Einleitung. — v. 2109. Von hier an wieder durchgehends Otho für Charles, aber wie schon an princely zu sehn, das L. ändert, gehört wieder Charles hieher. — v. 2114. L.'s Änderung unnötig. Muret: fear v./a. fürchten für, besorgt sein um. Webster (rare) = to be anxious, solicitous for u. zitiert Merch. of V. III, 5, 3. — v. 2139. Hier L. die Anweisung: Reenter Hoffm. unperceived; he stands behind, and overhears Lorick. — v. 2144. hard. L.: i. e. think ill of. — v. 2150. L.'s Conjekt. überflüssig. Hoffm. hat den Monolog Lorriques nicht genau verstanden. — v. 2154. Q. hat as vor I liue. — v. 2160. L. schreibt A hypocrite. — v. 2247 zieht er 'come what' zur Verszeile. — v. 2252. L. lässt aus: 'I would not haue the ayre', ohne es zu notiren. — v. 2262. D. bemerkt, die ungenirte Beseitigung des Leichnams erinnern an das Verfahren gegen die Leiche des Polonius. — v. 2274. Verderbte Stelle. Der Q. endet den Vers mit 'looke where my' und beginnt den nächsten mit Uncle. Eine Lücke? — v. 2282. Lorrique's Rede in Q, nicht in Versen gedruckt. — v. 2300. True, 'tis in einer Verszeile in Q. u. bei L. — v. 2301 beginnt L.: 'Tis now to late' und ergänzt v. 2303: Lets [draw our swords,] and to it valiantly. [Zu seiner Conjekt. bemerkt L.: i. e. 'to be exposed to an attack while defenceless'. — v. 2313/14: L. ändert, ohne zu notiren: it were best | We join to apprehend him, publicly. — v. 2315/26. Verderbte Stelle; L.'s Versuch, 2315/18. herzustellen, scheint mislungen: There is no need; — | Our duchess hath apparellèd her speech | In a green liv'ry; she salutes him fair | But her heart, like his actions, is attir'd |. Wir lassen die Zeilen des Q. — v. 2329. Vergl. zu diesem Vers Hamlet II, 2, 285: What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba. — v. 2346. schliesst L. mit I will und beginnt 2347 mit Turn. — v. 2349. lawless. L.: i. e. that are uncontroulable. — v. 2355.

say setzen Q. u. L. zum nächsten Vers. — v. 2360. sharp Zusatz des Schreibers? — v. 2362. silver-tongued. D. weist auf die gleiche Bezeichnung hin, die, wie bekannt, Chettle für Shakesp. anwendete: Silver tongued Melicertes. — v. 2370. fretted scarr. L.: means rock or cliff, as we should say "honey-combed", or perforated with holes, und weist auf die Bedeutung von fretted in der Heraldik hin mit Verweis auf Clarke's Heraldic Dictionary. Dies ist dieselbe Stelle, die Richardson's Dictionary als 'from Hoffman, 1631' zitiert. Siehe Einleitung p. XIII. — v. 2372 coll. L.: i e. embrace. — v. 2375. L.'s Abweichung von Q. nicht notirt. — v. 2381/83. legt Q. Hoffman in den Mund. L. bemerkt mit Recht, dass von 'Nay, slave' an die Herzogin sprechen muss und bemerkt als Bühnenweisung: The Dutchess gets behind him, and takes his sword from its scabbard. — v. 2392. these bare bones scheint allerdings eine Vorwegnahme aus dem nächsten Vers. — v. 2409. [and] Einsatz von L. — v. 2425—26. Gänzlich verstümmelt. Der Sinn wäre ungefähr derart zu ergänzen, dass auf die Mahnung der Herzogin, an sein Seelenheil 'in prayer and charity' zu denken, Hoffm. erwidert, dass dies für ihn 'to no purpose' sei. v. 2435 ff. Verstümmelte Stelle, die aber nicht so corrupt und confused ist, wie sie L. ansieht. Abgesehen von der Lücke nach 2432 und v. 2437 gibt die Stelle wohl einen Sinn. Nach 2432: Es bleibt mir nichts als die Hölle etc. Nach barbarous asses (?) wäre vielleicht zu ergänzen 'like the Duke of Luneberg', da die folgenden Worte unzweifelhaft auf das Verfahren gegen Hoffman's Vater gehen (vergl. I, 150—156.) L bietet den Versuch einer emendatio, den wir anführen:

Duch. Call upon heav'n, base wretch! — think on thy soul;

Repent and pray! — in charity for thee

We too will pray: — for without charity

Pray'r to all purpose is preferr'd in vain.

Sax. We pardon thee, and pray for thy soul's health.

Hof. So do not I, for yours; nor pardon you.

You kill'd my father, my most warlike father;

Thus, as you deal by me, you did by him:

But I deserve it, that have slack'd revenge

Through fickle beauty and a womans fraud. —

May Hell, the hope of all despairing men,

That Hell, where tyrants have their seats prepar'd,

Who wrong the poor, and eat the people up,

Like greedy beasts, their harvest in the spring;

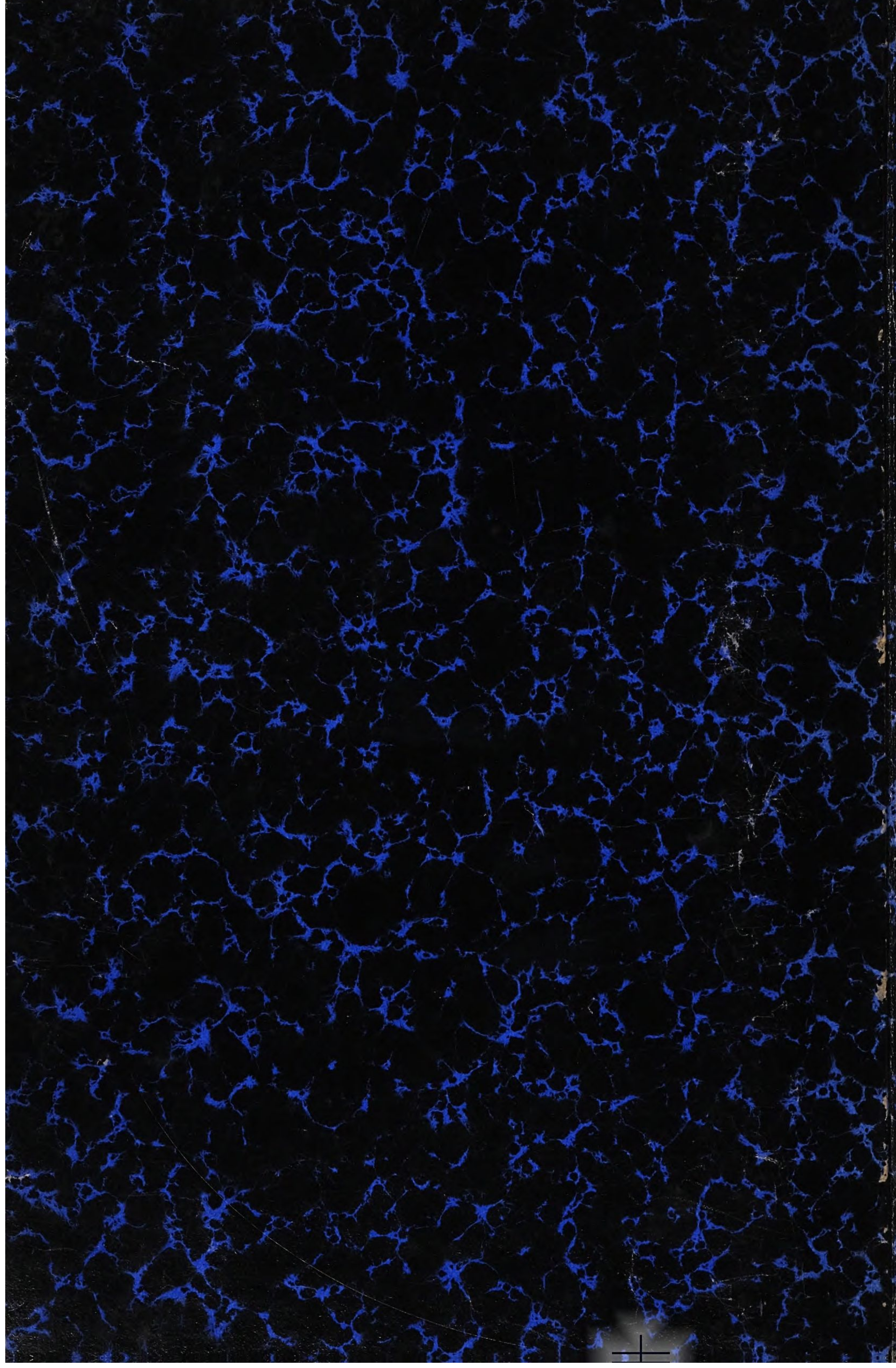
And barb'rous princes who their soldiers rob

Of their reward, and punish true desert

With scorn and death, ...

(Caetera desunt).





Chettle, Henry,

The Tragedy of Hoffman or, A Reuenge for a Father

Bamberg 1894

Bamberg, Staatsbibliothek -- RB.L.angl.o.1-t
urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb11847252-4